

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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## THE FRONT PAGE

EVERYBODY reads the newspapers more or less. There is scarcely a home in the city so poor, nor one in the country so remote, but it is visited by the daily or the weekly paper. The press is almost the greatest institution of modern times—the telegraph, the cable, the telephone, the camera, are all working for it. The ship at sea sends marconigrams to the journals of New York and London. The traveller in Tibet, after months of hardship, reaches a telegraph station, and that afternoon or next morning people all around the world are reading of his adventures. The transcontinental flyer, thunders through a little hamlet on the western plains apparently ignoring its existence, yet as it shoots past a man stands in a flitting doorway and hurls out bundles of the Winnipeg dailies—to be opened and each paper carefully allotted to its owner, parson, doctor, lawyer, merchant, laborer or wheat or cattleman, who rides in for miles to get the news of the world, to learn which king has died, what volcano has erupted, what town has been swept by fire, where another railway wreck has been, who has murdered whom, which prize-fighter has won, whose wife has eloped, what trusted cashier has absconded, what the likelihood of war is, what the latest political scandal is, or what the market prices are.

The press caters to the tremendous curiosity of mankind. It gives not only news but views. It is impossible to get the news separate and alone. The reader is influenced, however much he may seek to prevent it. The Conservative may read The Globe with his mind on guard, or the Liberal may read The Mail with his dorsal fin erect, but he will be got at none the less, for although he may not read anything but the featured news of the day, and although that news may be fairly told, yet he will not reflect that in the sheet before him the view-point of those who edit it is expressed in the prominence accorded one episode and the small consequence attached to some other. Men frequently are heard saying that they pay little attention to the views of the newspapers, but form their own opinions. They do not stop to consider the influence to which they unconsciously submit when they read news magnified in one respect, condensed in another, emphasized in one of its aspects, minimized in another—one episode thrown large on the screen, while another is tossed into a corner. Those up-to-date persons who say that they do not allow their opinions to be influenced by the press, have but to ask themselves if they have not at one time or another seen all the people boiling their drinking water, or rushing to be vaccinated, or shunning all canned meats, or trying to burn ashes in their turnaces, or even making Limericks. In fact, it is very simple, for what the people read about they will think about, and what they think about they will talk about.

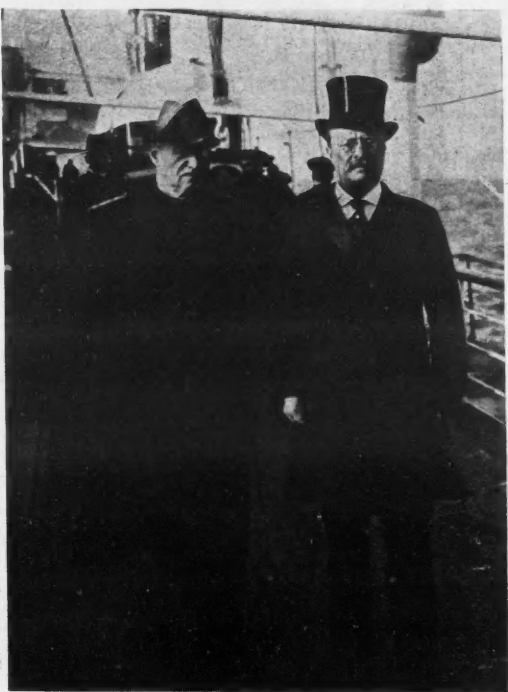
NEWSPAPERS, then, having all this grip and purchase on the age, are worth considering and need to question themselves whenever a marked change creeps over them, and a marked change has come over the press of America in the past few years. Mostly the change may be attributed to the type-setting machine, following upon cheap telegraph tolls and rapid delivery of papers by railway from all the publishing centres. The type-setting machine has made it mechanically possible to multiply the number of pages in a daily paper. The increased facilities for distribution have broadened the field that a newspaper can cover. As a consequence the daily newspaper has multiplied in size, in circulation, in its advertising earnings, and in the capital invested in it. We no longer see in Toronto a four page daily—they run to twelve and fourteen pages, with a twenty-four or a forty page issue on Saturday. It would take from a quarter to half a million dollars to buy out the cheapest of the Toronto dailies as it stands. It would require more capital still to establish a new daily to make good its footing in this occupied field. Wherever there is one good newspaper there is almost sure to be others, and it is sometimes remarked upon as curious that one country town will have two or three good weeklies, while another town will have two or three showing little merit. The explanation seems to be that in town or city, where there is one good paper, others, to live at all, must have merit.

The day has gone by when a man with a gift for editing can establish a daily newspaper in Toronto in a small way and work up by the merit of his writing, until his journal becomes a success. This has been done in the city, but, owing to changed conditions, no daily newspaper could succeed unless it started at full pressure, the full-grown rival of the others, with capital enough to stand a long drain of losses. The man behind the venture needs to be a capitalist, therefore, or a promoter, and essentially a business man.

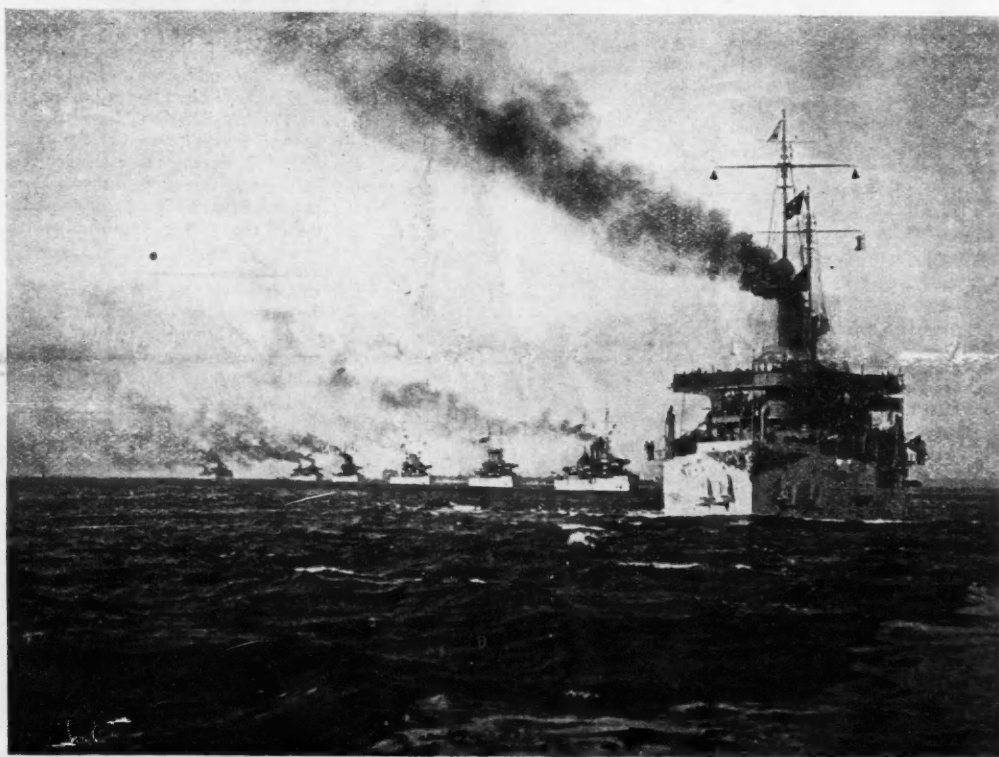
JUST at the time when this great change is coming over the press, a new form of advertising presents itself, and it is to this subject that the newspapers should give serious attention. How this new form of advertising shall be dealt with appears to me a most important question.

Should a newspaper, daily or weekly, publish appeals to public opinion on questions of public policy or morals, in the form of paid advertising? Should it, for revenue, rent space for the promulgation of views hostile to its own beliefs and principles?

The old idea in journalism was that a newspaper should open its columns to the full and free discussion of public questions. That old idea is still followed. There is not a newspaper in Toronto that refuses to print reasonable and interesting signed letters on either side of any dispute. But ten years or so ago a company seeking a franchise in New York State and finding the newspapers hostile, hit upon something better than the plan of writing signed letters—advertising space was secured in all the papers, where bold and sweeping assertions were made in large type reaching into every home. Some readers would know that this was "advertising," but some would not. The chief merit of the idea, however, was that it played upon the knowledge that there are two offices in each newspaper, the editorial and the business offices. As the company's arguments were getting worsted in the editorial



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE NAVY, AND ADMIRAL EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE FLEET.



THE WARSHIPS HEADED OUT TO SEA, BEGINNING A LONG-TALKED-OF VOYAGE WHICH MAY DEVELOP IMPORTANT CONSEQUENCES IN THE RELATIONS OF UNCLE SAM ON THE WESTERN OCEAN. THE FLAGSHIP CONNECTICUT LEADS THE LINE. (FROM STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N.Y.)

## THE U. S. FLEET STARTS FOR THE PACIFIC

offices, it threw arguments of another kind on the counters of the business offices. Space was paid for, and used; the argument was put forward that as the space was "display advertising," the policy of the paper was not concerned in the matter. The letters sent to the editor used to be riddled by argument; the paid advertisements sent to the business office appeared in huge type, and were not riddled by argument.

This excellent plan of handling the press quickly found favor all over America. It first presented itself in Toronto last year, when the power people tried to defeat a by-law. No doubt it is being resorted to again this year. There is a local option fight in view, and those financially interested in turning back the local option wave are putting forth opinions in paid space in the newspapers. These advertisements are unsigned; they advertise nothing for sale; they are meant to influence opinion. But chiefly paid advertising of this class, whether put forward by power people or some other interest, is designed to let the newspapers get the feel of money from a particular source; to get them chasing after more of it, and trying to deserve more liberal portions of it. The aim is to remind them that business is business even where public policy and morals are concerned. It is meant to serve as a timely lesson showing how bread is buttered.

It cannot be right, nor safe, nor in the end sound business for newspapers to accept paid advertising dealing with questions of public welfare, and especially promoting ends to which a journal declares itself opposed. SATURDAY NIGHT has refused advertising matter of this class from different sources, intends to do so, and expects to see other journals adopt the same rule. There is no side of any question affecting public welfare, whether it be a power by-law or a local option by-law or anything else, that cannot be set forth without charge in a letter to this journal, provided the letter be signed, civil and sufficiently interesting in the opinion of the editor to deserve space in these columns. Such was the old-fashioned method in journalism, and it looks good to us. But we have no space to sell to those who would steer public opinion on public questions. We have no space to sell to those who would defeat the power by-law, and no space to sell to

those who would carry it. Nor have we space to sell to those who would defeat, or to those who would carry local option.

When journals sell space on such questions they just pause short of selling their opinions.

DR. MCINTYRE, M.P., from Alberta, struck a false note in his speech in the House on rural free mail delivery, when he said that "the West will not permit the East to have a luxury in which it cannot share." There may be reasons why rural free mail delivery should not be introduced, but recognition should not be given to the spirit expressed in the declaration put forward by Dr. McIntyre. One necessity may exist in the East, another in the West; it may be possible to introduce one popular convenience in the East and another in the West. Stagnation will ensue if no progress be made except along lines beneficial to all parts of a country so vast as ours, so varied in climate, and at every different stage of development, from the blazed trail to the asphalted and flaring electric street.

SOME interesting questions are asked in Parliament, and although the ministers often side-step the queries put on the order paper by members, yet at other times they bring down some highly instructive facts and figures. This was the case recently when a member asked a return showing how many members of the House had been appointed to the Senate since 1896, and other information along the same line. The answer showed that since 1896 fourteen members of Parliament had been elevated to the Senate, and thirty members had received other appointments within the gift of the administration, such as judgeships, etc. During the same period twenty-five ex-members of Parliament had been appointed to the Senate, and

in this way be bought as securely as if they sold out for spot cash.

Oppositions are virtuous. Tardily the present one at Ottawa begins to profess it. When the Liberals were in opposition at Ottawa they exhibited a set of virtues such as were never before seen outside the Holy Land. They deplored nepotism with such vehemence and persistence that the word became as familiar as rheumatism. They denounced this very practice of bribing Parliament by conferring jobs on members and having them sitting through a session silenced and purchased. To-day the same practice flourishes. Indeed, the Liberal leaders, when they look back to the days preceding 1896, must have many a kindlier thought, than they then expressed, towards the battered and wind-driven ministry of those days.

MEN joining in a demonstration of the unemployed in Toronto were to the number of forty instructed to present themselves on Thursday last at the Parks department when they would be allotted work at the Christie street sand pits. Only twenty-five of the forty presented themselves and went to work.

On the same day word came from the north that of the one hundred and twenty men for whom employment had been found on the Government railway at Macdougall's Chute, thirteen had jumped their contract and could not be found when the train was ready to pull out of Englehart, where the party was delayed three days, but where the men were "well fed and cared for," according to the statement of the Government official who had charge of the party.

On the same day also it was decided to deport seventeen indigent Bulgarians who declined to accept employment when it was offered them.

Cases are being reported to the Board of Associated Charities of immigrants refusing work because the pay is not large enough.

It was ever thus. Many a good man gets out of work and clutches at the first opportunity to put himself on a self-supporting basis, but there are some who seem to have a genius for remaining unemployed; what they are really looking for is wages, not work. It is pretty safe guessing that the fifteen men who did not avail themselves of the chance to shovel sand at so much per day were among the most forward in shovelling their grievances on public attention. When a man is up against the real thing he will, if the right stuff is in him, accept any employment whatever so that he may pay his own way until the chance comes to better himself. While one regrets, one can in a measure understand, the folly of those new-comers, who drew back at Englehart from employment on railway construction work. No doubt they came from cities in Great Britain and grew terrified of the winter wilderness through which they passed; perhaps they feared they were being taken beyond the last out-post of civilization to face they knew not what. Perhaps some local joker in Englehart considered it funny to fill their minds with fears.

But it will prove unfortunate for all unemployed men that among them are some quitters. It will weaken the claim of all, or rather it will weaken public interest in their claim, and that interest usually proves somewhat short-lived at best.

THERE'S no politics in the municipal elections in Toronto. By diligent enquiry, however, it has been learned that of the mayoralty candidates one is a Liberal, three are Conservatives, and one a Socialist. It looks like a walk-over for the Liberal. There is considerable betting going on down-town as to which Conservative will win second place, and which third.

About the time this journal appears in the street it is probable that a slump will have set in—it is probable that "politics will have been introduced," and the party which can win whenever it likes will have decided to win on this occasion by backing one man instead of three.

THERE are six ways of looking at any question affecting the public interest. A man may approach it from the south and see it from that side, or from the north, or from the east, or from the west. That makes four sides, and a man sees a question from the direction in which he stands to it. But there are two more sides from which a question may be looked at, and these give rise to most of the trouble—the outside and the inside.

Take this power question. It is proposed to turn all the wheels in Toronto and light all the buildings by means of power generated at Niagara Falls and wired across country. Those who look at this undertaking from the inside see rank injustice in the attempt of those on the outside to interfere with their plans, while those on the outside—except a few who stand a little to the south of the subject and look at it mildly—see all kinds of reasons for interfering.

A capitalist sees himself as a man whose plans and pursuits are the making of a country. Where he once hired half a dozen men he now directs the energies of five hundred or ten thousand, as the case may be. He sees himself as a man who caused a railway line to creep for hundreds of miles across a wilderness where towns now thrive, settlements spread, and steamboats tie up to wharves located at spots where a few years before wild deer used to come down to drink. He sees himself as a man whose ideas have taken the form of brick and mortar, whose energy has produced boats and trains, factories and mills, whose ability has made financial concerns prosperous, whose worries have been excessive, defeats numerous, and disappointments acute. He sees in himself the captain of industry, the organizer of finance, the patron of art, the encourager of invention, the thinker, the schemer, the universal provider.

The day laborer, the wage-earner, sees in the capitalist a very different person. He sees in him a man who neither toils nor spins, yet arrays himself in a way that makes Solomon look faded. To the workingman the capitalist looks like a man whose pay envelope is so large that he does not know what to do with its contents. To the Socialist the capitalist seems to be a man who mocks those who toil—who smiles sardonically as he seizes upon what he has not earned. He seems to be a man who



deliberately and knowingly feasts upon what he has not earned; who schemes to get a grip on the fruit of other men's toil, and chuckles when he succeeds; who cares nothing for the wants and griefs of the poor; who strives to get millions of money that he cannot use even if he takes it from a million people who lack the necessities of life.

The capitalist sees in the Socialist an anarchist—an enemy of law and order, an envious beholder of other men's success. He sees in the laborer a man who does not reason fairly; who does not rightly appreciate the leadership of those captains of industry who make it possible for our mills and factories to compete with powerful combinations elsewhere. He regards manual laborers as men who do not and never will understand.

The great coming trouble will be due to these misunderstandings. The capitalist is not as he sees himself, nor is he as the Socialist sees him. The laborer is not as he sees himself, nor is he as the capitalist sees him. It is not greed, but a desire to win the game he plays, that inspires the capitalist. It is not envy nor hatred, but a desire to improve his condition, that inspires the worker. But it is idle to address argument to either side.

PREMIER WHITNEY'S letter should cause any ratepayer who was in doubt as to the way he should cast his vote on the power-by-law, to decide to vote for it. The Premier's letter is straightforward and very much to the point. Here is one part of it, which shows that the power people refused to make a deal, but preferred to go ahead in the belief that they could so confuse public opinion that the present by-law would not pass: "Pursuing the course it had adopted," says the Premier, "and acted upon from the first, the Government then made strenuous efforts to induce the successful company to confine its tender to the territory west of a line starting from a point near Hamilton and running northerly to Owen Sound. The Government succeeded in these efforts, and the Ontario Power Company so agreed. The Government then proposed to allot the territory east of this line, and, of course, including the city of Toronto, to the Electrical Development Company at the tender or price made by the Ontario Power Company and on the same terms otherwise, but this offer was declined. I make no comment on the action of the company in declining the offer. I merely state the fact to show how determined we were, in the face of difficulties which cannot be set out in this statement, to get all possible opportunities and advantages for the Electrical Development Company."

This altogether destroys the contention that the company was unfairly dealt with, and leaves the sensible voter no alternative but to support the by-law. Mr. Whitney emphasizes the point made in these columns that the passage of the by-law will not mean that the money must be spent, but that it may be spent should the power people not come down to business. MACK.

JOSEPH ISRAEL TARTE is a loss to public life because he represented force, brilliancy and ideas. Of all these elements our politics have too little. He enlivened the dull, leaden contest between the ins and the outs by dash and courage. Such a man could not settle down to the routine of a cabinet office, administer its duties from year to year, and chuckle, satisfied, over a long term of power. Wherever he pitched his tent there was the sound of battle. Beginning life as an Ultramontane Tory, he crossed the middle line into a sort of progressive conservatism. Political opinion with him could be changed, and he changed his, without embarrassment always when the air was full of sensations and no one was sure what would happen next. If there were more Tartes the politics of Canada would be less conventional, freer of humbug, and more stimulating to the mind. A few Tartes scattered over the Dominion, and Federal Ministries would collapse oftener than once every fifteen or twenty years.

Mr. Tarte was one of the disturbing forces let loose by Sir John Macdonald's death in 1891. If the Tory chief had lived longer, perhaps the Langevin scandals would not have been probed to the centre. Was Israel Tarte pushed on in this fight by the unseen hand of Chap'ean? Some day this will be known. Chap'ean, disappointed of promotion, mortified by the advance of Abbott, Thompson, Bowell and Foster to the chief places in the synagogue, was ready for revolt. But Mr. Tarte really required no encouragement, open or secret. He saw a new situation and was ready for the fray. The sudden death of Sir John Thompson in 1894 provided fresh opportunity. The Manitoba school question with an Orange Prime Minister to deal with it was like a comic opera. Mr. Tarte pressed his advantage and roused Catholic Quebec, while Laurier took a line which enabled him to link arms with Dalton McCarthy and Clarke Wallace in Protestant Ontario. Talk of dramatic situations! On the morning of June 24, 1896—St. Jean Baptiste Day—Canada saw in prospect a new ministry returned by a Catholic province to punish an attempt to fasten Catholic schools on another province. Or was it Quebec's natural desire to see her gifted son Prime Minister? Or, was it the inevitable dissolution of a party, worn out by cabal, and bereft of leaders? Or, what was it? In any event, it made Mr. Tarte the leading figure in the Liberal administration.

For a time he, a restless man, ran with tolerable smoothness in official harness. He had dropped his Ultramontane coat somewhere by the wayside, for he supported the Manitoba school settlement—a triumph of statesmanship (till the price was paid in 1901). Mr. Tarte subsided also on the sending of troops to South Africa, although his attitude was at first threatening. Finally, he broke out on Protection—of all issues!—and was dismissed from the Government. The day afterwards the Liberals discovered how glad they were to be rid of this pestilent Tory, and the Conservatives, who had exhausted the commination service for epithets to apply to him, composed their faces to receive him back. Our politics are sometimes funny if they are not exhilarating. So he returned to journalism; coyly kept out of the contest of 1904; was supposed to be biding his time. But fate intervenes in its unlooked for way, and this clever and interesting man, with the qualities that make warm friends and relentless enemies, passes forever out of our lives.

Surely it is Quebec that supplies us with picturesque careers—Papineau, the tribune of a peasant democracy; Lafontaine, the Radical subsiding into the comfortable Conservative; Cartier, the rebel, afterwards the sturdy loyalist, and an "Englishman speaking French"; Mercier, a Count of one Empire, but of not much account in another; Chap'ean, orator, staunch in the great emergency of the Riel rebellion, rendered unstable and impatient by ambition; Laurier, the foe of clericalism, but sheathing the sword so as to cut a great figure in Imperial affairs. With these and others history will range Mr. Tarte, for he was a man of many parts.

## New Year's Eve

By Edith Florence Robson

THE year is dying now;  
Toll ye the bell!  
Why are ye crying, now,  
Child, can ye tell?

Is it for all the fears  
Fought in the light-time?  
Is it for all the tears  
Shed in the night-time?

Out of the darkened wave  
Riseth the morning,  
Did all the love ye gave  
Bring ye but scorning?

Ah, for the stains of it,  
And the regret!  
Ah, for the pains of it!  
Can't ye forget?

Cease ye your prayers, O child—  
The year is sleeping.  
Past are its cares, O child;  
Past is its weeping.

Cover the face of him,  
Cold, white December;  
Only the grace of him  
Let us remember!

Toronto, Dec., '07.

## A Poem on the Rocky Mountains.

FAR away across the valley,  
Rising up in all their glory,  
Stand the mountains.  
At this season of the year they are gar-  
mented in white  
And the glory of their beauty,  
When the sun is shining on them,  
Is amazing to the eye.

First in order come the foothills,  
Covered thick with spruce and pine,  
Interspersed with singing brooklets,  
Which with many tortuous turnings,  
O'er precipice, and thro' deep valleys,  
Seeking out their stony ways,  
To the calm and peaceful prairie.

Higher up the trees grow scarcer,  
For the insufficient soil,  
Will not grant their roots a foothold,  
On these sentinels of time.  
All is rocky now and barren,  
And no living thing is seen,  
All is dead and desolation.

Higher yet, and further still,  
We must climb, if we would see,  
All the beauty of these mountains,  
Stretching far into the distance.  
Battlements and spires and turrets,  
Precipices, crags and valleys,  
Spreading out in vast array.

Now at last we reach the summit,  
Of the very highest mountain,  
Treading on the virgin mantle,  
Which encompasseth this monarch.  
And we stand there lost in wonder,  
At the sight that lies before us,  
And around on every side.

We at last have reached the places,  
On these wondrous time aged hills,  
Where the sunlight falling on them,  
Sends a pang of deepest yearning,  
When we survey them from the valley.  
A yearning for that life beyond.  
These hills symbolic of our troubles,  
In this life,

The snow upon their lofty peaks,  
The pure white hope of immortality.

THOMAS NUNNS.

Cranbrook, B. C., Dec., '07.

## Sensible Suggestions From a Railway Man.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, DEC. 20.

Editor Saturday Night: Upon reading your article in SATURDAY NIGHT of December 7, referring to the recent prosecutions of railway employees, for violation of rules, whereby loss of life and property has been caused, I am led to believe that the knowledge of conditions which leads you to state that railway employees are expected to take chances, "steal a base," etc., is very superficial. It is impossible to name an act which has led to prosecution in which the party or parties were "stealing a base" or doing anything to indicate that they were trying to make a "good move."

One wreck was caused by wild and reckless running and improper testing of air brakes while the train was under control. Another was a direct case of forgetting or violation of orders. The accidents in which men in charge of light engines were to blame would indicate sleeping on duty. In fairness to the officials no blame can be attached to them in any of these cases.

After a score of years of service as an employee, I am satisfied that it is not the man who takes fool chances who is classed as "good," but it is he, who, having in his power to "make good," does so, not by taking chances or reckless running, but by clear-brained, open-eyed, intelligent work. An official who would encourage an employee to steal one minute on the time of a passenger train would classify for admittance to an asylum for the insane. I am satisfied that if you go deeply into this subject you will find that not only do officials not encourage taking chances, but rather, this practice is strongly condemned and punished.

The most outstanding danger in railroading to-day is the long hours which employees are working without rest. It is common for men to be on continuous duty for thirty hours. There is no one to blame but the men. As their organizations are so strong that they are practically making their own terms in all other matters connected with their calling, it would be very easy for them to regulate

this. Behind it all is the greed for money. Rather than lose their "turn" men refuse to book rest after working twenty-four and thirty hours. By this practice men of the most mediocre ability are making from \$200.00 to \$250.00 per month on Western roads. The hours of labor should be regulated by the Railway Commissioners. Were this done, there would be employment for a greater number of men, and, while the salaries drawn would not be so large, the total earnings would be more evenly divided, and the public would be given the protection obtainable through having men who were at their best in charge of the trains.

EMPLOYEE.

IT is estimated that 40,000 suffer from tuberculosis in Canada, with a death rate from 3,000 to 10,000, and a loss to the country of \$8,000,000 annually. This is appalling (says The Toronto News), and all the more grievous that the suffering, according to experts, is in many cases needless. The disease can be prevented, and in early stages cured. The National Sanitarium Association is doing good service in educating the public. Booklets and leaflets are scattered over the country by the million, warning the people as to the conditions most likely to lay the basis for the inroad of the plague, such as neglected colds, dissipation, overwork and worry, poor feeding, low vitality, dust and filth and carelessness in the disposal of tuberculous matter, and, on the other hand, preaching vigorously the priceless value of abundant fresh air, judicious nourishment, rest, hygienic living and sanitary surroundings. If the Association did nothing but this it is entitled to all gratitude and honor, but it is proving the great value of its concentrated systematic effort in sanatorium treatment. Prof. Wm. Osler says that "No work has been undertaken in Canada fraught with so great possibilities." Dr. H. P. Loomis says that "From any institutions which only receive patients in the very early stages of the disease 70 per cent. to 75 per cent. are discharged cured." And an ex-president of the British Medical Association declares: "It is my firm belief that in twenty-five years, provided proper conditions are adopted, a case of consumption will be a curiosity."

WE are just rounding off the first century of British dominion on the northwest coast of America," said William Sloan, M. P., for British Columbia, in his speech in Parliament the other day. "In that brief space of time, through the indifference of imperial statesmanship, we have lost large areas of territory and coast line both to the south and north of what we now hold, and my firm conviction is, in view of past history and present conditions, that unless there is a complete reversal of policy, time will see our present possessions of British Columbia from the Rocky Mountains westward to the Pacific ocean become a colony, and ultimately a possession, of a united orient. . . . The All-Red line, from which we expect so much, is a bond drawing together the outposts of the British dominions. It narrows to a slender thread in the defiles of the Rockies. Guard well, then, the west coast: fill it with people who will be loyal to our ideals of national life. Guard well the strategic position, which is not only of Dominion, but of Empire."

SOME time ago this journal referred to a magazine article in which Samuel Merwin spoke of having on his way to China, "passed through the snows of Western Canada," although he was supposed to have sailed from Vancouver in midsummer. A letter from the editor of the magazine is before us stating that Mr. Merwin passed through the Canadian West last winter, and a Vancouver correspondent informs us that his name is on the hotel register in Vancouver on Feb. 1 last. Therefore, Mr. Merwin did see snow on his journey. Yet he saw much else, but mentioned only the snow.

WE have received the first number of the Lethbridge Daily Herald, of which Mr. W. A. Buchanan is managing director and editor. Mr. Buchanan recently resigned his position as librarian of the province of Alberta to resume journalism at Lethbridge. Before going West he was editor of the St. Thomas Journal and still earlier was for several years on the staff of the Toronto Telegram.

SINCE the Whitney Government came into power in Ontario there has been a great increase in the money granted to rural schools. In 1904, the last year of the previous administration, the amount of the grants to the rural schools was \$123,750, and during 1907 the amount is increased to \$358,175. This money is put to a good use.

"WAS glad to find SATURDAY NIGHT on sale at the Savoy in London," writes Mr. Edmund Bristol, M.P., who is at present on a visit to England.

CANADA'S annual budget is steadily growing to imposing proportions. The main estimates for the coming year as laid on the table at Ottawa a few days ago by Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, amount to \$119,000,000.

MILLIONS of evergreens at age of seven or eight years are cut down and used as Christmas trees, complains Forest Commissioner Whipple of New York State. These trees in ten years would be very valuable if left standing, and Mr. Whipple suggests that artificial trees should be used in Christmas festivities.

## Canadian Politics.

WHEN the "outs" go in,  
The "ins" go out;  
When the "outs" do win,  
The "ins" grow thin;  
When the "ins" lips no longer pout,  
That is the time the "ins" grow stout.

## Weddings and New Year's

If you want your wedding presents to be thoroughly appreciated you must be sure of your store. We carry a wide range of really good housekeeping things that make desirable gifts, insisting with scrupulous care on such goods as we can thoroughly recommend. Together with this fact we might also call your attention to the shipment of English Brass goods, which has just arrived too late for our Christmas trade. These are far superior to anything we have ever before shown in this line and will make the most acceptable of wedding gifts or New Year's presents. . . .

RICE LEWIS & SON, LIMITED

IN order to relieve the heavy pressure of orders during the busy season we are making a special reduction in our Suits and Gowns during December and January. We find many ladies are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity, as it avoids disappointments, both in fitting and delivery, occasioned by the rush of Spring Trade.

For the Holiday Season we have special lines of Gloves in all shades and lengths.

Fancy Collar, Veils, Scarfs and Coiffure Ornaments for Evening Wear.

Wm. Stitt & Co.

11 and 13 King Street East



WE have prepared a number of embroidered cushions in applied linen and linen floss which would make excellent Christmas presents. They are in quiet colorings and of artistic design. Prices are \$4.00 and \$5.00. We are also showing a few firescreens of similar character.

ELLIOTT & SON, Limited

79 King Street West, Toronto

## Christmas Cheer at McConkey's

Your out of town friends will appreciate an after-theatre supper in the Restaurant.

Special Music 6 to 8 and 10 to 12.

McConkey's, 29 King Street West

1908

Wishing you the compliments of the season : : :

CARNAHAN'S

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

Cor. Carlton and Church : Cor. Yonge and Bloor  
Traders Bank Building

## A Place You May be Proud of

to take a friend for supper. You will find the service excellent. After the theatre you will find the ST. CHARLES the popular retreat for supper.

Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.  
(Sunday included)

## The Holidays

are approaching quickly. It is necessary for you to consider the Xmas Remembrances. There are two rules you should follow when sending a remembrance to a Woman. If you don't know what to send, send flowers; whatever else you send, send flowers.

Dunlop's

are prepared to execute in a most careful manner, any orders entrusted to our care. Send for Price List, 96 Yonge St. Toronto. Night and Sunday phone, Park 792.



## INVESTMENTS.

Reports on Securities  
furnished on application.  
Bonds and Stock bought  
and sold on Commission.

**A. E. Ames & Co.**  
LIMITED  
7-9 King St. E. TORONTO

ASSETS  
\$1,000,000  
CAPITAL PAID UP \$1,000,000  
RESERVE FUND \$1,000,000

**CENTRAL CANADA**  
LOAN & SAVINGS  
COMPANY  
TORONTO  
DEPOSITS RECEIVED  
AND DEBITURES  
ISSUED

**Royal Insurance Company**  
(LIMITED)  
(OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND)

**LIFE DEPARTMENT**  
CANADIAN POLICYHOLDERS  
share in the  
PROFITS OF THE COMPANY'S  
ENTIRE LIFE BUSINESS.  
Toronto Office, 27-29 Wellington St. East  
Phone Main 6000.

## The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent. (6%) per annum on the capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the period of four (4) months ending November 30th, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and at the Branches on and after Monday, the 16th day of December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 14th day of December, both days inclusive.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD,  
F. G. JEMMETT,  
General Manager.

Toronto, October 22nd, 1907.

**WE OFFER**  
Bonds of a large transcontinental railroad with a bonus of preferred and common stock.  
**WARDEN & FRANCIS**  
Confederation Life Building,  
TORONTO  
Telephone Main 4808

**LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE**  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
8 Richmond St., E., Toronto  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

**CANADA'S Big Mutual**  
**National Life**  
OF CANADA  
Insurance in Force  
**\$50,000,000**  
Assets—All First-Class  
**\$12,000,000**  
A Sound Company  
for Sound Policyholders

# THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



TORONTO, DEC. 26.  
THE statement of Canadian banks for the month of November reflects to a large extent the restriction in business which has now been in progress for some time past. Our bankers were naturally greatly exercised over the troubles that came so suddenly upon their friends in the United States, and took immediate measures to protect their own interest. These measures, while very drastic, had to be resorted to for self-protection, and in the interests of the general public. This taking in of sail, at the same time, has been detrimental to the interests of many, but it was the only thing to be done. No such liquidation has occurred in Canada for many years, but it cannot be denied that the situation at present is the better for it. The Canadian banks are stronger in resources now than for some years, and are amply fortified for emergencies which are now not likely to occur. A comparison of the figures of November 30 last with those at the end of November, 1906, shows that the total assets of our banks have declined \$14,500,000, while total liabilities have, during the same time, decreased \$22,500,000. The reduction in liabilities, of course, was in deposits, which now aggregate only \$624,250,000, as against \$646,500,000 a year ago, a contraction of \$22,250,000. This reduction within the twelve months is practically the first yearly decline that has taken place in ten years, or since the beginning of Canada's great prosperity in 1897. The net decrease of \$8,000,000 more in liabilities than in assets is in the proper direction.

However, the liquidation in loans made in Canada has not been so severe in the field of trade and commerce as many are wont to believe. Trade loans in this country on November 30 last were \$570,896,000, whereas a year ago they were only \$538,695,000, an actual increase of \$32,201,000. To help Canadian trade, our bankers adopted the policy laid down by the Canadian public, and reduced their trade discounts to foreigners from \$35,000,000 to \$23,500,000, or a decrease of \$11,500,000. The same policy was adopted by our bankers in their "call" or short time loans on securities. This class of loans has been reduced in Canada \$10,700,000 within twelve months, or from \$56,400,000 to \$45,700,000. The loans of this same class made by our banks on securities outside of Canada, have been reduced \$25,700,000 within the same period, or from \$66,900,000 to \$41,200,000. It will thus be noted that home interests were looked after first by our bankers in spite of the unfavorable criticism showered upon Canadian bankers.

Turning to the deposits or chief liabilities of banks, we find that they decreased \$17,250,000 in the month of November, and as previously stated the decrease for the year is \$22,250,000. Of the purely Canadian deposits the decrease for the year was \$14,250,000, while the deposits of Canadian bank branches outside Canada decreased \$8,000,000. The percentage of decrease in deposits outside Canada, however, was much greater than the decrease in domestic deposits. Total Canadian deposits are \$569,400,000, as against \$54,800,000 elsewhere.

The cash holdings of our banks show a further increase of \$3,000,000 in November, and they amount to \$76,837,500 as compared with \$70,801,000 a year ago and \$60,412,000 two years ago. The other cash items and investments, not including "call loans," show a slight decrease in some cases with a month ago.

Bank note circulation has kept out better than in previous seasons, which may be due to the comparative lateness of this year's harvest, and its slow movement to market. On November 30 the outstanding circulation was \$84,452,000, an increase of \$162,000 for the month. For the same month of last year it decreased \$3,200,000, in November, 1905, the decrease was \$4,298,000, and in the previous November the decrease was \$2,800,000.

The foreign trade of Canada last month shows considerable contraction both in imports and exports. Financial conditions in the United States and the relatively high prices conducted to bring about this result. Instances are quite numerous of the difficulty in obtaining payment for goods exported from Canada to the United States. The shrinkage by over eleven millions in the value of animals and their produce exported is the most serious feature of the decline in our meat trade, due largely to high prices for fodder and the lack of pasteurage during the past summer. Agricultural exports made up for about six millions of this decline.

The export trade of the United States for the month of November, on the other hand, was the largest on record. Arrangements had to be made for the exports of produce to enable United States bankers to buy gold in London. For the first time, the volume of exports exceeded \$200,000,000, the excess over October being 13.3 per cent. over November a year ago, it is 12 per cent., and the excess over the hitherto record month of December, 1905, is 2.3 per cent. The heavy outward movement of cotton and grain was compulsory to enable America to tide over their financial difficulties.

Values have been remarkably steady of late. One of the strongest stocks has been Mexican Light and Power. The buying emanates from Montreal, where already a good deal of the stock is held. The company published a very good renewal return this week. Gross earnings for November were \$228,786, while operating expenses were less than 39 per cent., leaving a net return of \$141,075. Interest on bonds \$75,000 and dividend on \$2,400,000 7 per cent. stock for the month \$14,000, or \$89,000, leaving a surplus of \$52,075 for the month available for dividends on common stock, or at the rate of 4.60 per cent. per annum on the \$13,585,000 common stock. The additional 7 per cent. preferred stock, amounting to \$2,400,000 was underwritten in London. Including the new issue the total outstanding capital of the company is now \$15,400,000. There is a report that a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. will be paid on the common stock next April.

Sao Paulo has also ruled firm during the week, while Rio de Janeiro has been less active than usual, but steady. In consequence of the increased dividend on Sao Paulo,

shareholders of Twin City are again expecting an increase in disbursements. The earnings of this company continue to show up well. For the second week of December they were \$110,829, an increase of \$5,381.

Those who predict easier money after the turn of the year are likely to be disappointed, said a prominent financier the other day. The continued withdrawals of gold from London for New York and South America, and the unsettled condition of German finances, Berlin being a buyer of gold in London, do not make for easier money. It will be months before the situation clears. It is hardly expected that gold will return to London from America for some time, but the smaller American supplies of produce for export and the redundancy of paper money in the Republic will naturally assist eventually in the exports of gold from this side. The London money market will remain strong for some time. Furthermore, the large loans of gold from the Bank of France, whereby the Bank of England made good its depleted reserve of a month ago, will expire in February, unless previously renewed. A similar operation, a year ago, was renewed for two months.

Among the important problems which confront the New York money and securities market are the arrangements which will have to be made in early part of 1908 in reference to the amount of short-term notes of railways and other corporations which will arrive at maturity. It is pointed out that between January 15 and the beginning of April about \$37,000,000 of such issues become payable, and will have to be paid off or extended. Under present financial conditions it would seem an impossibility for the companies to sell long-term bonds bearing a low interest rate, and the natural inference, therefore, is that they and the bankers acting for them in these matters will be obliged to seek an extension of the obligations in question. The interest rates upon the different notes included in the above total at present vary from 4 1/2 to 6 per cent., and it would seem that extending them for even a year or so would involve the disagreeable necessity of offering a considerably higher interest rate.

Evidence becomes more manifest daily that speculation has been almost entirely knocked out of Investments. Canadian securities. They are down to such prices that the risks assumed by purchasers have been reduced to a minimum. Of course some of them may go lower, but to the investor they will ultimately be profitable. There are comparatively few stocks overhanging the market, and they are in comparatively safe hands. The domestic trade on the Stock Exchange is almost confined to buying outright. Stock loans are now lower than they have been for some years, and while there is little hope of borrowing on such collateral for some time to come, it is unlikely that any more liquidation will be forced in the near future. There is no doubt but that some of the funds lately withdrawn from the banks have been for investment in securities, the inducements being their low prices with an usually good yield. The farming community is prosperous, the result of a series of good harvests. The general situation is sound, and the financial strength of our agriculturists will prove no mean bulwark against the attacks of depression. Then again, there are few signs of overproduction, while the manufacturing industries generally are in good shape.

THE chief features of Canada's foreign trade returns for the year ending June 30, 1907, just given to the public, include, to use the phrase of the London weekly, Canada, many curiosities of commerce. While we exported \$2,489,330 worth of agricultural implements, we imported \$1,845,648 worth. The country actually bought ice from the United States, but of course we sold more than we bought. We imported over twice as many biscuits as we sold. In cattle the balance is all in the Dominion's favor, of course, the total export amounting to about eleven million dollars, but we bought \$64,519 worth from the United States. Curiously enough, Germany was the second largest purchaser of our organs; the United States bought most of our pianos, with Australia in second place. Most of our cigars come from Cuba, but British cigarettes are the favorites. The United States is our best market for sewing machines, but Newfoundland, Germany, and Mexico are good customers. It seems strange to think of these machines going in large numbers to these two latter countries. We sold typewriting machines to many countries. We sold immense quantities of silver and large quantities of railway ties, and imported none.

Many of the masterpieces of old Japan in metal work and wood carving were scattered through Europe and America after the epoch-making movement of 1868 in the Far East. Of late years the wealthy Japanese have been recovering, so far as possible, these lost memorials of the art of their country. M. Henri Joly has just written an elaborate book, "Legend in Japanese Art." It is practically a history of the whole subject, in which justice is done to the religious symbolism and folklore represented in Japanese art. This beautiful work contains more than five hundred illustrations, including a number of full page prints of Japanese subjects in colors by John Lane. M. Joly's book has been read in proof by a native expert and many important notes which are veritable aids to identification have been added.

The Englishman, like every stranger in the country, begins with a handicap caused by the fact that he is not as familiar with our methods as are the native-born. To this fact alone is due a not uncommon preference for Canadians or Canadian-trained men. When the Englishman can go from one Canadian job to another, he finds this feeling working on his side. But every English immigrant should be prepared for this obstacle in his path. He will have to be content to suffer from the stranger's handicap until he learns his Canadian trade. To resent this as a prejudice against Englishmen is unfair and absurd. It is simply a world-wide prejudice in favor of the best way one knows until one has learned a better.—Montreal Star.

**BANK OF HAMILTON**  
SAVINGS  
ACCOUNTS  
INVITED  
INTEREST PAID  
QUARTERLY  
Branches in the City of Toronto:  
34 Yonge St., Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and Ossington, Cor. Yonge and Gould, Toronto Junction.

**THE BANK OF OTTAWA**  
credits interest on Savings Accounts  
QUARTERLY.  
OFFICES IN TORONTO:  
37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

**THE CROWN BANK OF CANADA**  
DIVIDEND NO. 8  
Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Thursday, the 2nd of January, 1908.  
The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 31st December, both days inclusive.  
By order of the Board  
G. de C. O'GRADY,  
General Manager  
Toronto, 28th November, 1907.

**DOMINION EXPRESS CO.**  
Packages Forwarded to all parts of the World  
**MONEY ORDERS FOREIGN DRAFTS AND TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED**  
Cheapest, Safest and Most Economical; Numerous Branch Agencies in Drug Stores, etc., in Business and Residential Districts. Open early and late.  
Toronto Main Office, 48 Yonge Street

**THE METROPOLITAN BANK**  
Capital Paid up \$1,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,183,713.23  
BEGIN NOW to prepare for the day of opportunity and independence by depositing your savings or unused funds where they will draw interest at the highest current rates.  
**\$1.00**  
Opens an account in the SAVINGS DEPARTMENT of the Metropolitan Bank. Interest compounded four times a year. No delay in withdrawal.

**D. M. STEWART & CO.**  
151 St. James St., MONTREAL  
**Listed and Unlisted Securities**  
Orders executed on American and Canadian Stock Exchanges.

**A Bank Account MAKES THE Best Christmas Present**  
You can open a Savings Bank Account in the names of any Children, Relatives or Friends in the  
**Traders Bank of Canada**  
Yonge and Bloor Sts. Branch  
and give them the Bank Book on Christmas Morning.

The report of the Merchants Bank of Canada, presented at the forty-fourth annual meeting of the shareholders of that institution, at Montreal, on December 18, is an interesting document. The net profits for the half year amounted to \$473,144.50. Out of this two quarterly dividends, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum—amounting to \$240,000—have been paid, the balance being carried forward to next year. Mr. Thomas Long, in seconding the adoption of the report, said: "I am sure that we are all pleased and satisfied at the report laid before us. Considering the condition of trade all over Canada, I think that this report is one with which all the shareholders should be satisfied."



## IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized \$10,000,000.00  
Capital Paid-Up \$4,875,000.00  
Reserve Fund \$4,875,000.00

Branches in Toronto:  
HEAD OFFICE, WELLINGTON STREET  
AND LEADER LANE  
YONGE AND QUEEN STREETS  
YONGE AND BLOOR STREETS  
KING AND YORK STREETS  
WEST MARKET AND FRONT STREETS  
KING STREET AND SPADINA AVENUE  
BLOOR AND LANSDOWNE AVENUE

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT**  
Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit and credited quarterly

**AGENTS WANTED**  
**Guardian Assurance Co.**  
LIMITED  
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars  
Apply Manager, Montreal

## Prescriptions

**ANDREW JEFFREY**  
Yonge and Carlton Streets



### PEARL AND AMETHYST BRACELETS

Most gold bracelets are made hollow, but the kind manufactured in our factory are solid through and through. We are making a class of jewelry which will be appreciated by those who want quality as well as appearance. The prices of these bracelets run from \$18.00 to \$35.00.

**FRANK T. PROCTOR**  
220 Yonge St.

### CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO., LIMITED

Try us  
**QUALITY  
ACCURACY  
PROMPTNESS**  
We are willing to be proven.  
**CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.**  
M. 4556 6 Richmond St. East

### Ask Your Grocer for

## Soclean

The Dustless  
Sweeping Compound

Sold in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 pails.

If your Grocer doesn't keep it, send his name and address to

**Harnett-Ridout Specialty Co.**

Office: 190 King St. W., Toronto  
Phone Main 1413

### J. S. HANSON Druggist

Prescriptions and Fine Chemicals  
Kodaks and Supplies  
Developing and Finishing  
**444 SPADINA AVENUE**  
Phone Main 530

THE NAME

## COSGRAVE

SIGNIFIES  
SUPERB ALE  
INVIGORATING PORTER  
DELICIOUS  
HALF-AND-HALF

**Cosgrave Brewery Co.**  
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO  
And of all License Holders.  
Telephone—Park 144.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

**T**HE U.C.C. Rifle Corps dance last week was largely attended and very well managed, the young men who arranged the dance, and were the hosts, having succeeded in pleasing their guests, both junior and senior. In the first place it was a lovely night, snowy, moonlight and just cold enough, and guests who arrived after nine at the seat of learning on the hill at the head of Avenue Road met various snowshoeing parties enjoying the fleeting hour of Canadian sport. It has come to such a moderate pitch with our winters these days, that snowshoers have almost forgotten the long tramps weekly which the clubs used to enjoy so much, with the dinner or supper in some cosy country hostelry. Certainly the heights north of the city limits had a charm which made some of those bound for Upper Canada College almost wish they were going across country instead. However, any such vagrant yearning vanished as soon as the tardy guests were swept into the gay crowd of dancers, young, light-footed, radiant with *la joie de vivre*. Principal and Mrs. Auden received at the entrance to the big hall upstairs where, and in the corridors at either end, dancing was going merrily on. Mrs. Auden wore a pale blue gown with cream lace. The chaperones included Mrs. Prant Macdonald, who brought her not-out daughter, a dark haired maiden in primrose silk, with a corsage bouquet of violets and a gold bandeau in her coiffure; Mrs. Oliver Adams brought two young daughters, enjoying their holiday fun; Mrs. Chalcraft also brought her daughters, who came out the other day. Mrs. Kiele wore a pretty light grey silk, Mrs. James George was in black touched with white lace, Mrs. Mabey wore a silver grey gown and stole of pale blue ostrich feathers, Mrs. Graham Chambers was in turquoise satin and fine lace. A few of the girls were Miss Sankey in black with red flowers, Miss Coady in pale blue, Miss Taylor, of Kingston, blue silk with gold and cream passementerie; Miss Nicholls, of The Homewood, white lace with mauve; Miss Dottie Suckling, pale blue satin; Miss Mabel Mabey, Miss Lois Duggan, Miss Malcolm, of Rosedale, who was a picture in a red frock and red wreath in her raven hair; the Misses Dyce Saunders, Miss Clare Corson, Miss Dorothy Graham, Miss Gypsy Grasett, Miss Edith Holland, Miss Jean Biggar, Miss Miles, Miss Eckardt, and many others. Needless to say, men were in the majority, and the various uniforms of the Rifle Corps, which is the dark rifle green with tan belts, the St. Andrew's Highland costume, the red of the Grenadiers and the R.M.C. brightened additionally the gay scene. Supper was served at 10.30 in Commons, and the decoration of the big hall was carried out in the college colors, while very pretty flowers were freely used in decorating the buffet and quartette tables. The wide corridors were ideal lounging places, and several of the members of the Rifle Corps and masters had fixed up their quarters in most attractive fashion as sitting-out rooms for the guests. The breaking-up dance of 1907 will be remembered as one of the brightest events in the College social history.

Mr. Frederick Pellatt, of Orillia, came to town last week to spend Christmas with his father, Mr. Henry Pellatt.

Mrs. Grey-Burnand left for England this week. She has been a victim of bronchitis since her arrival in Canada, but some of her friends have been fortunate enough to enjoy her charming singing. At Mrs. George's luncheon last week, although not at all in condition to do so, Mrs. Grey-Burnand sang two or three times little chansons of the most attractive sort. Among those who enjoyed them were Mrs. Gwyne, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. King, Mrs. Graham Thompson and two or three others.

Mrs. Justice and Mrs. Mabey, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Teetzel, and Mr. Justice and Mrs. Wells, of Welland, are spending the holidays in New York.

Mrs. Buchan went up to Preston Springs last Saturday for a few days' visit.

Among the many "language" clubs now running in Toronto, the latest is the Spanish Club, which has the advantage of the instruction of Senor Ramon of Lledoc, a young Spaniard who recently took up his residence in Toronto. The Spanish Club, or as it is properly called, "Circulo Espanol," is intended to promote the study of Spanish literature and language. It is eminently fashionable in England to be interested in Spain since King Edward's niece became its queen, and Canadians will probably follow the example of English people and betake themselves to the land of the castanet for a holiday ramble. The president of the club is Chevalier J. Enoch Thompson, K.C.L., who is Spanish Consul, and has long been a student of Spanish. The club meets on Friday evenings at the La Plaza Art Galleries.

The marriage of Miss Susanne Thompson and Bartholomew Delmer Munro, M.D., C.M., Toronto, will be solemnized at Erskine church, Toronto, on Wednesday, January 1, at 2 p.m.

Last Saturday evening Mrs. George Sweeny gave a delightful little dance in the studio of the Strolling Players, 70 King street east. Refreshments were daintily served, and the guests very much enjoyed the evening. The cosy quarters of the Strollers have been busy this last week or two, down town shoppers having freely used their membership privileges at luncheon and tea time, and introduced visiting friends to the very attractive place.

Mrs. J. G. Beard, of Troy, N.Y., is spending Christmas week with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Samuel Beard, 65 Prince Arthur avenue.

Mr. Vincent Greene got home for Christmas week, after some seven months in the south, and his coming made things brighter for his three sons, one an R.M.C. Cadet. Mrs. Greene is, with her little daughter, still in the Old Country.

Everyone is glad to hear of the convalescence of little Miss Phyllis Williams, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Williams, after a very trying siege of fever, lasting for several weeks. The little daughter of Mr. Frank Hodgins has also been quite ill, but is now recovering from the fever, which, being one of the contagious diseases, has isolated Mrs. Hodgins from her friends, from whose social doings she has been greatly missed.

Five years ago I advocated in this column the establishment of a down town tea house as a paying concern, but a friend rather laughed at the notion, saying Torontonians

would never support it. The other afternoon I took this person to tea at the Tea Pot Inn. We were in a hurry; no table was immediately available; we went on to the King Edward, where a swarm of people were taking tea and where the maids were over-busy. Then we meandered to McConkey's, which was crowded with a matinee rush. It seemed as if we were doomed to patience, or to try the Strollers or the Club to see if there was tea to be secured. My friend laughed and recalled the remark made five years ago. "Oh, by the way," I told her, "there are also two tea-rooms in Yonge street, close to Adelaide. Perhaps you would like to go and see them!" "Mercy!" she gasped, "what a five-o'clock-thirst you people have developed. We couldn't beat this in old London."

Mrs. Le Grand Reed returned to town last week with pleasant memories of enthusiastic audiences in Quebec, where, on this second visit, she repeated last winter's success.

Miss Aimee Falconbridge is expected home from abroad early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall Jones came from Smith's Falls to spend Christmas with Mrs. Barker in Rosedale. Major Bert Barker has recently received promotion as above.

Their many Toronto friends will be glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dawson are to remain in Toronto. The bride has been greatly admired at various smart functions since her arrival with her husband on a visit to Mrs. George Dawson.

Mr. Harry Haviland Grubbe spent Xmas in Peterboro with his mother. Mrs. Fleury of Aurora had a family party at her home for Christmas, and to her pretty little daughter up with her after the dance on Monday night. Miss Marguerite has, however, returned to Toronto to her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fleury, of Bedford road.

The shadow of death has darkened two family circles this month, and at Christmas time many kind thoughts of sympathy are with Mr. and Mrs. Brydon and Mr. and Mrs. Morine, both of these having lost a young son just approaching manhood last week. Over another amiable family, that of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Sinclair, the hand of death was hovering at early week, and sweet Miss Aileen Sinclair was in danger of her life. She had been an acute sufferer for nearly a fortnight with peritonitis, and some of her most intimate friends were so anxious as to feel unfit for participation in Monday's gaieties.

Colonel McGill arrived last Saturday from Kingston to spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford and the Misses McGill. On the same train came a large contingent of Cadets from the R. M. College, for Christmas holidays at home, everybody's big brother looking very smart in his uniform, and prepared to be fêted to the limit.

Major Elmsley arrived in Toronto last week, and has been again appointed to the R.C.D. at Stanley Barracks. It is rumored that he will very soon follow the example of his chosen chum, Captain Van Straubenzee, who joined the ranks of the benedicts last summer.

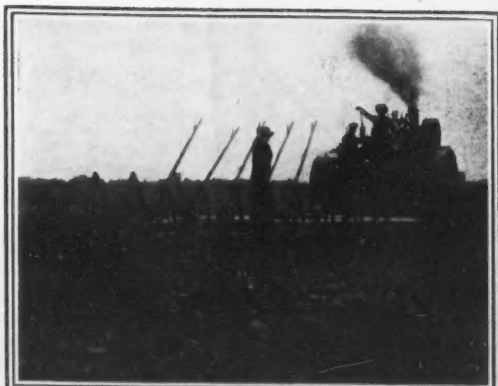
The officers at Stanley Barracks are giving a large tea in Barracks this afternoon. This tea is, like the officers' dance, a unique oasis in the desert of afternoon teas, the military quarters having an interest far transcending the most gorgeous salons in the city, and the number of gallant hosts, quite casting in the shade the most fashionable hostesses in the most ravishing gowns.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, whose illness is causing anxiety, is not, as is generally supposed, an American, for his father was a Portuguese and his mother a Bavarian. Sousa's real name was John Philipso, but he found this awkward, and determined to change it for something more American. For a long time he could not think of a suitable name, until a friend of his hit upon a brilliant suggestion. Noticing on the musician's luggage the words "John Philipso, U.S.A.," he advised the dividing of the name "Philipso" and the adding of U.S.A. to the last syllable, which gave the now famous names of "John Philip Sousa."

This is the cheerful message of the Vancouver Province: We extend the heartiest of invitations to everybody east of the Rocky Mountains to come to Vancouver, if only for a visit any time before Christmas, and have some strawberries and cream, and take back with them, if they do not locate here, a few boxes of roses and violets.

A Canadian statesman, making a speech in New York, said that England was now a republic with an hereditary president and that the United States was now a monarchy with an elected king. It was that remark, according to the reports, that started ex-Senator Spooner, at the same dinner, upon his criticism of President Roosevelt and his centralization policies.

New York Life, in its cynical fashion, says: A man often thinks he is teaching a girl how to kiss, when she is taking a post-graduate course.



**W. F. MacLean's Steam Plow**  
At work on his farm in South York—It is not the first used in Ontario but it excites much interest.

## INTEREST

EVERY dollar you deposit with this Corporation will earn interest for you at THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, compounded four times each year; the highest rate consistent with the safety of the investment. Combined with this is the advantage that your money is always available when you want it. Observe the protection afforded you:

Paid-up Capital.....	\$5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$2,450,000.00
Investments.....	\$26,206,337.54

You will see that about EIGHT AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS of Shareholders' money stand between the Depositor and any possibility of loss.

**CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
Toronto Street, Toronto

## THE SAME TO YOU

Is expressed by many at this time of the year. For one to live the many, many happy years wished by one's friends, it is absolutely necessary to take Cook's Turkish and Russian baths, good health is then assured.

Tell your friends what you intend to do, and if they have not already started advise them to start at once, you will then meet them year after year to extend Christmas greetings. Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms. A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

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Toronto, Dec. 9th, '07

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Dear Sir:

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I wish to order half a dozen of the 50c. jars now, to be sent to my apartments in the hotel.

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This Brand **MAVRO** Assures Collar Comfort

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**MAVRO**—A correct collar for evening dress and any formal occasion. In four heights—11, 12, 13, 14 inches at back.

20c. each,  
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QUARTER SIZES  
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### FOR A MOMENT

you will see that now is the time for you to take out the policy of life insurance you have been thinking of taking.

**EVERY YEAR** you put the matter off the more the policy will cost.

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## WHERE CANADA WAS SURRENDERED

By IRVING E. STRUTHERS

CANADA was won on the Plains of Abraham, the issue of that day's events determining the political destiny of the country; but it was on the southern slope of Mount Royal that the fruits of Wolfe's victory were gathered by Amherst when Vaudreuil surrendered to him this great north land. Then came to an end the long and bloody drama of which the battle before the walls of Quebec was the climax and the capitation before the walls of Montreal the closing scene.

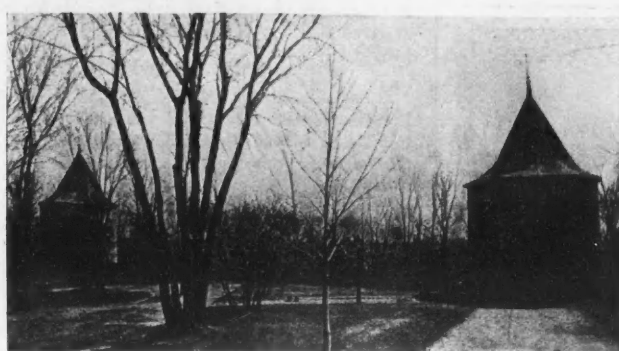
Shortly after "Wolfe died victorious" on September 13, 1759, Quebec capitulated and was garrisoned by the little British army that in the face of great difficulties and after several failures had won the key to the valley of the St. Lawrence. In turn this garrison was besieged by the French under Levis, and during the long, severe winter, their fate hung in the balance. Never was spring more welcome to British soldiers in Canada than that of 1760, for shortly after the disappearance of ice from the St. Lawrence a fleet from England sailed up, bringing succor to the little force perched upon the citadel rock of Cape Diamond. Levis at once fell back on Montreal, feeling, no doubt, "that the time had indeed arrived which was the beginning of the end."

At Albany, N.Y.—Fort Orange of the older Dutch regime—was General Amherst, commander-in-chief of the British forces. It took him until September 6 to place his forces against Montreal, camping on the south-western slope of the mountain. Within the city lay a small force of 2,132 men of all ranks, surrounded on all sides by superior forces. Next morning Vaudreuil, the French Governor, asked for a month's truce, which was promptly refused, Amherst, however, promising to make no movement before noon of that day. Before the hour arrived Vaudreuil offered to capitulate, much to the rage of Levis, who asked to withdraw to St. Helen's Island, opposite the city, there to make a stand in honor of France. This valiant folly, however, the Governor would not permit.

ON the following morning the French laid down their arms in the square that now stands in the centre of the business portion of the city, and is flanked on one side by the Bank of Montreal and on the other by the great church of Notre Dame. The British force at once took possession of the gates, guards were placed throughout the city, and the British flag was raised from the small fort which then stood at the east end of the city, "to show that the last stronghold of French Canada had surrendered."

Amherst then paid Quebec a short visit, returning to New York at the end of October. Three years later he went home to England and never revisited Canada. In remembrance of the crowning act of his military career he called his beautiful Kentish home "Montreal."

The scene of Amherst's camp on the mountain side



THE TWO TOWERS OF THE SULPICIAN'S OLD FORT STILL STANDING WITHIN THE SEMINARY GROUNDS, ONE OF WHICH IS NOW USED AS A CHAPEL.

ing to and from their college halls. The British soldiers came, did their work, and disappeared; the gentlemen of the Seminary remain.

### The Inscrutable English Officer.

T. P. O'CONNOR, writing in P.T.O. concerning Sir Henry Colville and his recent tragic death, has a word to say in praise of the type of English army officer to which he belonged. It will be remembered that Sir Henry was sent home from the South African war and reappointed to the command at Gibraltar, and that he was indiscreet enough to allow himself to be interviewed by a news agency, which led to his dismissal from his post. The matter was debated in the House of Commons, Sir Henry sitting through the debate—which was marked by the most unsparing criticism of his action as a commander—without moving a muscle. Mr. O'Connor says:

Never throughout these long hours of agony did his face betray the smallest sign of emotion. The strange mask remained a mask throughout, as impenetrable as if it were the face of a mummy, and not that of a man of living, tingling flesh and blood. This enabled one to realize how this man had been able to do such remarkable things. If you read even a brief account of his exploits in the days before his disaster in South Africa, it gives you in epitome a history of our times, and of the remarkable and strange and daring beings who help to create and maintain that wondrous agglomeration of different races, creeds and regions called the British Empire. There was scarcely a part of the Empire in which Colville had not served. He was in the Cape quite early in his career. He knew those portions of the North of Africa, beginning with Cairo and ending with Khartoum, almost as well as General Gordon. He had served in India and in Burmah. He was with Wolseley in some of his great deeds, and with the other generals who have brought the Soudan and the other outlying portions of Egypt back to the government of the Khedive and the Protectorate of Great Britain. In nearly all these businesses he held the highest place of confidence and of honor—that is to say, in the Intelligence Department.

Defective though it is undoubtedly in many ways, this Intelligence Department of the British Army abroad is one of the finest bodies of men in the world. I have often wondered why it is that some of its outstanding and magnificent qualities are not better understood. It is, perhaps, because of that pride which disdains even to mention its own claims. But if you knew some of these staff and intelligence officers—in India, for example—you



THE SULPICIAN SEMINARY ON THE PRIESTS' FARM, SHERBROOKE STREET WEST, MONTREAL, WHERE CANADA WAS SURRENDERED ON SEPTEMBER 8, 1760.

two hundred and forty-seven years ago, is to-day the "Priests' Farm" within whose spacious grounds, enclosed by a high and fort-like stone wall, stand the imposing buildings of the Sulpician Seminary, the Alma Mater of thousands of ecclesiastics who in almost every part of North America are wearing the priest's cassock or the bishop's mitre. The Sulpician Order is older than Montreal, for it was founded in Paris in 1641, the year before Maisonneuve established the colony of Ville Marie, known a few years later as the place is known to-day, by the name of Montreal. Coming to Ville Marie six years later the Sulpicians were made seigneurs of the island, extensive land grants being given them subject to the charge of maintaining religious services and providing for education. To-day they are among the richest real estate owners in the city and the lofty gothic towers of their church of Notre Dame have not yet been dwarfed by the modern office "skyscraper" or the huge grain elevator on the wharf. Their old seminary stands beside the church, but in early times they built an outpost on the mountain side, known as the Maison des Messieurs or Fort de la Montagne. It was a rough building of plastered stone enclosed by an extensive wall as a protection against the Iroquois. The gateway was flanked by two martello towers of stone, with walls thick enough to withstand the field artillery of those times. The old fort and its enclosing walls have long since disappeared, but the towers still stand surrounded by the lawns and walks and recreation grounds of the Grand Seminary. One tower has been converted into a little chapel. An altar has been erected there and the rough stone walls decorated with pious pictures and tablets whose inscriptions tell of the remains of two Indians deposited in the vault below. One was a Huron, baptized by Father Brebeuf, one of the martyr missionaries to the Huron nation. This convert died at the age of one hundred years. The other tablet records the death of an Indian maiden, who for thirteen years "exercised the office of schoolmistress at the mountain. She died in reputation of great virtue, aged 28 years, November 25, 1695."

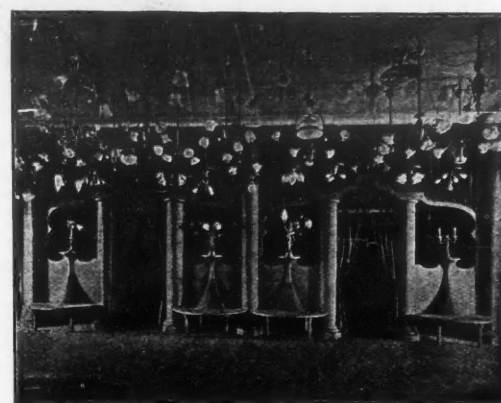
Of all that stood here when Amherst's camp fires blazed along the mountain-side during those far-distant September nights, only these towers remain. The little city that then straggled along a bit of the river front, has spread westward until its busy streets enclose the old camp ground on almost every side; where Vaudreuil surrendered Canada nearly two and a half centuries ago with British sentries all about keeping their beats with measured tread, are now to be seen black-robed priests march-

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to watch people pass your house that look neat and natty. If you will ask any one of them how they keep their clothes looking so new and good, they will tell you that

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At this season more than any other candies are in demand. We have them from 20 cts. to \$1 a pound, and they are unexcelled for purity.

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Young Canadians Serving the King

LXXX.



CAPTAIN AND BREVET-MAJOR H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, D.S.O.

Royal Engineers. Graduate Royal Military College of Canada.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Fleury for their debutante niece, Miss Marguerite Fleury, on Monday night at McConkey's, was one of the pleasantest ever held there, and that is saying a good deal, for the list of good times is a long one. It was a real assemblage of personal friends of the host and hostess, and quite a number of men and women who don't attend dances unless under strong inducement, responded to Mrs. Fleury's invitation. They seemed to enjoy this dance to the utmost, and there was a merry contingent of the young set, who never seem to tire. The pretty little girl in whose honor the evening was given, had the added pleasure of her mother's presence, that attractive little lady having come down from Aurora especially to attend it. Mrs. Fleury, the hostess, received in a soft ivory satin gown; the debutante was in white lace, and her mother in heliotrope Liberty satin with fine lace. Mother and daughter greatly resemble each other, both being petite, sparkling and lovable. The orchestra in the musicians' gallery played a rattling good programme, and at eleven-fifteen everyone sat down together to supper in the cafe, where tables large and tables small were soon crowded with the jolliest of guests. One large table was surrounded by the "superfluous men" (a welcome departure from the timeworn cry on the other sex), and these Eveless Adams clamored for the honor of having the hostess at the head of their big table, which was granted amidst a burst of merriment. It was indeed one of the brightest suppers the cafe has ever seen, when the Colonial Serenaders arrived to sing to the guests, putting the finishing touch to the fun. Among the guests were Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald in wine-colored silk, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. George Blaikie, the latter in a glistening pailletted gown over white silk; Mrs. Miss and Mr. Rathbun, Mr. and Mrs. Masten, the lady in an iridescent pailletted dress; Mrs. E. F. B. and Miss Jessie Johnston, the former in black jetted lace with touches of vivid green and green wreath, the latter in white; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, the latter in a handsome pale blue gown with diamonds; Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Dawson, the bride very lovely in a smart black gown; Mrs. Cawthra Mulock in white chiffon, with applique of white velvet flowers; Mrs. Reynolds Gamble in butterfly brocade satin and white lace, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, the latter in pale cowslip embroidered chiffon; Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, the lady in a dainty black lace gown over white; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. McDowall Thomson in blue brocade. The Misses Mortimer Clark, in white and pale blue satin respectively, brought their cousins, the Misses Reed of London, who then enjoyed their first dance in Canada. The English girls wore white gowns, and were much in demand. Mr. Alan Magee, who was down on a visit from Montreal, was with this party. Miss Dorothy Biscoe, of Halifax, wore a pretty rose-colored gown. Miss Kenny, of Dublin, who came with her hostess, Miss Ina Matthews, was in pale blue. White was chosen by a number of girls, Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Miss Howard, her guest, Miss Evelyn Kerr of Rathnelly, Miss Gypsy Grasett, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Helen Matthews, Miss Vera Morgan, the Misses Armour, Miss Hilda Cayley, Miss Laura Cassels, whose holly wreath was so pretty, Miss Edna Cosby, Miss Edith Holland, Miss Mary Clark, and Miss Wallbridge, all being in pretty white dresses, from sheerest chiffon to richest satin and lace. Miss Norma Armstrong was in yellow, Miss Patti Warren was in pale blue velvet, Miss Rathbun, blue satin; Miss Josephine Brouse looked very well in pearl chiffon with coiffure threaded with yellow ribbons; Miss Gyp Armstrong's slender figure was charmingly gowned in black sequined lace; Miss Darling, of Rosemount, wore heliotrope embroidered chiffon; Miss Hilda Reid was in white, and Miss Lillian Crowther in pink; Miss Flora Macdonald looked very dainty in white. It is not often that Mr. Edward Greig, Mr. Mickle, Captain Wyatt, Mr. Finucane and other men of affairs trip the light fantastic or honor a ball-room, but they were all at Mrs. Fleury's dance, and so were Mr. Arthur Small, Mr. Jamieson, Dr. Stanley Ryerson, Major Michie, Dr. Norman McLeod, Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Harold and Mr. St. George Baldwin, Mr. Gzowski, Dr. Bredney O'Reilly, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Harry MacMillan, Mr. Arthur Goulding, Mr. Kenneth Macdougall, Mr. Armour, and Mr. Jellett. The R.M.C. Cadets in their smart uniforms were very welcome guests.

The marriage of Mr. Herbert Loudon, manager Standard Bank, Strathroy, son of Mr. J. S. Loudon, assistant general manager Standard Bank, Toronto, and Miss Marion Jean Fleming, only child of Dr. D. G. Fleming, of

Chatham, is arranged to take place at Easter. Their engagement was announced on Christmas day. Mr. Loudon has heaps of friends in his native city who will be interested and pleased to hear of his engagement to one of the finest girls in county Kent, Miss Fleming being universally admired and loved for her many sterling qualities and personal charm.

Colonel and Mrs. MacDougall, of Wolseley Barracks, London, and their two sons were in town for Christmas. Colonel MacDougall took luncheon with his old fellow-officers at Stanley Barracks, and returned to London on Thursday.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick J. Lewis Harrison, son of Mr. J. W. L. Harrison, of Dunbar road, and Miss Vora Lange, of Muskegon, Mich., will be celebrated to-day at the home of the bride. Mr. Harrison, a handsome and clever young Torontonians, has been for some time in Winnipeg, where the bride and groom will make their home. They are expected next week on a few days' visit to Mr. Harrison's parents in Dunbar road.

Mrs. Grant Needham was hostess in Ottawa last week at one of the most pleasant dinners of the season. The guests included Sir Sandford Fleming, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. Justice and Mrs. McLennan, Miss Borden, Miss Beatrice Burbidge, Mr. Geo. D. Grant, M.P., Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Dr. John Francis Watters, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Marguerite Frechette, Dr. Herridge, Hon. T. G. Nasse, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Campbell, and Rev. E. D. McLaren, D.D. (Toronto). The table decorations were carried out in pink and white 'mums'. Mrs. Needham was in Toronto early this week.

Mrs. Edmund Bristol is giving a dance on January 7 at her home in Beverley street. Mrs. W. H. Cawthra is giving a New Year's Eve party. Dances for the cadets and other young visitors in town are the order of the evening. I believe for the next week there is one every night.

Mrs. Palmer of Huntley Lodge, Deer Park, gave her annual gorgeous time to her lucky grandchildren and nephews and nieces in the shape of a lovely Xmas tree and afternoon of play and feasting. There is no gathering more delighted in by its young guests, and some privileged elders than this one. The beautiful house, the wee pony, the tree, games, and goodies combine to make a small heaven for the participants, and over all presides the gracious and handsome hostess, who is always generously planning something extra nice for her little guests. On Tuesday the Xmas party at Huntley Lodge was a huge success.

Mrs. Campbell, of Carbrook, always gives a tea on Christmas day, and on Wednesday her friends were on hand betimes to enjoy the usual cordial handshaking and good wishes. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Colin Campbell assisted, and Carbrook was the Mecca of many who were glad of something pleasant to do in that hour between day and night fall. A tree for little relatives of the third generation was in order, and the children great enjoyed it.

Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey, of Montreal, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Mulock.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gooderham have removed from Bedford road to the house in upper St. George street which the late Mrs. Gooderham built for her own occupancy, and which was only completed a few months before her death.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis and Miss Muriel Jarvis are going to Europe next year. They will make a long and interesting trip.

Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander's tea at Bon Accord yesterday gave many friends a chance of wishing Mrs. and Miss Alexander a pleasant voyage to Southern Europe, and thorough restoration to health and strength. They leave in a few days.

Colonel Stimson and Professor Lang have a handsome flat at the Alexandra, into which they moved in the autumn.

Mrs. Lapham, of New York, is with her mother, Mrs. Boddy, for the holidays. Mrs. Kerr (nee Cross) is with her parents in St. George street. Mr. and Mrs. Fitton came from Brantford to spend Christmas with Mrs. De Weber. Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar spent Christmas with Mr. Charles V. M. Temple, father of Mrs. Dunbar. Miss Warren has gone to Ottawa on a visit to Miss Lessard. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wadsworth are entertaining Mrs. Wadsworth's sister and brother-in-law for Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. George Hees are going to Southern Europe immediately.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Bill (after listening to a highly improbable story)—Oh! I b'leeve yer all right, Jimmy; but—mind yer there's 'undreds of thousands as wouldn't.

Pleated Skirts

This is one of the many attractive models we make from your own material. Qualities required ranging from five to seven yards, as style chosen.

Our skirts are tailored and finished under personal supervision, being made to individual measurements.

Pleatings made for flounces, neck ruffs, waists, fancy bows, etc.

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PERFECTION

COCOA

because it is absolutely pure and the very choicest quality.

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Do you owe a social debt?—Then send one of our special holiday boxes of flowers; everything in good taste. Would you give a seasonable remembrance?—Then send one of our New Year's Novelties, Hampers, etc.

Will you send "her" a gift?—Choose a bunch of Violets.

Something for your Wife, Mother or Sister?—Ask us.

Simmons Florist 266-268 Yonge Street

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144 Yonge St., TORONTO

"Do you think, Miss Gertrude," inquired the rapid young man conceitedly, "it would be foolish for me to marry a girl who was my inferior intellectually?" "More than foolish," answered Gertrude, sweetly—"impossible."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

After holding up five men in a saloon in West Chicago recently, several young men desperadoes forced

their victims into an ice-box and turned on a talking machine to drown the sound of their cries. They then made their escape and left the phonograph playing "We've Been Here But Gone."—The Musical Age.

Pat-An' did yez have a good toime last night. Mike—Sure. We went out an' painted the town green!—Cleveland Leader.



## DEM ROOSTER FEADERS

By LILLIAN WATERS McMURTY



"Wal, where did you buy dem feaders, Marie?  
Dat's what I'd lak to know."

YOU know La Chapelle w'at keep de magasin? Abien, he tole to us, seven, eight us fellers, w'en we be on hees magasin smoke our pipe. Eet's long tam now, I b'en on pipe. For w'y don't you get up some kin' t'ing w'at will make t'ings a leetle bit lively?"

Joe Proulx w'at's always ready for sport, he spak up an' says: "Wal, for s'pose we got up a coq fight? De law she baint gain' be 'gainst dat here."

Den de whole gang dey 'gree dat we be vary t'ing for de jour de l'an. "Bien mon vieux, we decide to draw lots who be de wans w'at get de roosters."

Antoine Ramieu an' me, we be de wans. Wal I go out on t'ree, four farms to fin' a rooster w'at could match any wans Antoine could gat.

I see wans w'ose feaders was a sight wort' goin' long way to see. It seem lak dat rooster know how fine hees feaders was.

I come on my home an' call Marie (dat's ma wife) for see ma prize, an' lak-wan-beeg-fool, I was, I was to' her all 'bout dat coq fight, w'at's goin' for took place on de jour de l'an.

Wal I jus' weesh you could for hear Marie talk! She call it *triste*, an' say I ought be 'shamed to go on such bad, cruel sport, an' for sure she might be for tell M'sieur le Cure.

Den I say me, "Don't you dare for tell M'sieur le Cure on me, or I'll to' him t'ings 'bout yourself, you w'at you won't lak!" Den I laff at her an' say: "No wans is goin' for ax you to go an' see dat coq fight, eh? Wal den don't you bodder your head, see?"

Marie had b'en on Montreelhal las' week, an' she the styles see dere, an' she say: "Eet b'en better far, you'd get for me some new style hat to wear on me head. I was 'shamed for be seen 'vec dac ol' style chapeau w'at I wore on ma head on Montreelhal. Eet seem vary curious day you could not 'ford new chapeau for me, but you could 'ford to buy all dem feaders dere."

Me, I jus' seemly walk out de 'house an' leave Marie to talk to herself. I could to' parfement dat de rooster would be de means of arguments, 'nless I kap from spakin' of it all de tam.

Wal de max day, I had to go me to de ceety for be gone t'ree or four days; an' las' t'ing I was to' Marie was, "be sure an' tak' good care dat rooster."

Abien, I come back home on de mornin' train on de Dimanche. Marie she was dress ready for go on la high masse.

I say to her "I'm pretty fatigued, but I s'pose I better go on de masse." Somehow I tink Marie she be vary quiet, an' jus' w'en she go for put on her chapeau, eet seem to me dere be somet'ing w'at's queer 'bout dat chapeau—w'at you call hat. Eet b'en some t'ing w'at I could not explain.

Nax t'ing dere seem somet'ing familiere an' I tak' good look at dat chapeau, an' mon vieux, jus' all at once, it mak' me tink of my rooster, so I said, "Marie, dat chapeau she look for de whole worl' lak' it come from de barn yard." She look at me, an' her face was red lak de beet, an' she say, "You can kip your compliments. Dis hat she is jus' de lates' style. Eef your eyes dey was kip open in de ceety, you would see dat pla'n enough!"

"Wal where did you buy dem feaders Marie? Dat's what I'd lak to know."

She go for an' swar, but two beeg pins her mou' kap her quiet. Den

jus' when she went for to speak I say, "Did you feed well dat rooster while I was gone on Montreelhal?"

At dis, Marie say, "Never min' 'bout de rooster, eet ees tam for de masse. De tree bell be goin' for ring in two minceets!"

Somet'ing 'bout dis tam came into my head, jus' lak a leetle voice say, "Your rooster, where she is?" an' some-how Marie's manier it mak' mad, so I say.

"De masse he can go on de deekens! W'at I ax you 'bout dat rooster, —W'y don't you tole me 'bout what I ax?" Den I cross myself for sayin' dat 'bout de masse.

Me, I was wans w'at has desposition lak dis; I never get mad,—eef people don't vex me. But when my temper she is up, wal I don't care me eef M'sieur le Cure hissself, be dere, I jus' spik out any t'ing w'at come into my min'.

Marie she toss her head an' mak dem feaders fly some. Den I say, "You can go on de masse alone. For me I'd be 'shamed be seen vec such a chapeau w'at you have on. Eef dat de style on de ceety, wal you'd better kip to de style on de countrie, an' leave de rooster's feaders in de barn yard, where dey belongs. At dis Marie she say, "What you mean?" an' I say, "I mean dat hat looks so much lak ma rooster, dat I goin' for see eef she is alright. I won't be leas' surprised s'pose she's dead!"

I slam dat door, mon vieux, more loud she not b'en slammed long tam ago.

Now, w'at you tink?—Dere was ma rooster lookin' lak—lak—wal, I don't lak to say what lak; but lak it be dat ol' deevil. I look at her an' mon vieux, mad an' all w'at I b'en, I had to laugh when I t'ought me how dem feaders, de loss of wheech, mak' ma rooster look so craze, was mak' Marie look jus' de sam'.

When de masse she was out, I went an' set me on de galliee, for see de people come pass. De wind she was blow beeg gale, an' bimeby I see Marie.

Mon vieux, I weesh you could see dem feaders! For mak' dem fly worse, to be in style more, Marie she 'old high up her head.

De men I see laugh lak' anyt'ing, an' de wemens wal dey look lak' dey could not laugh never no more, at al, 'cause dey know Marie b'en on Montreelhal only few days before, an' had lates' style.

Antoine Proulx he come 'long, an' he shout, "Halo Francoise, for w'y you not wait till jour de lan for mak' de feaders fly?—an' den he wink at me."

I was goin' for give Marie a beeg piece on ma min', but when I see w'at fool she look lak, I hol' ma side, an' laugh, an' I tink dat's revenge enough, an' I say to Antoine, who also was hol' hees side, "Guess eet's jus' much sport for see dat chapeau, as de sport w'at we was plan for Jour de l'an!"

Knicker—Retrenchment is hard on the poor. Bocker—Yes; when you have to give up your auto the ones who suffer are the chauffeur's friends. —New York Sun.

Mr. Goodlie—My boy, you'd never hear me use language like that! The Kid—I bet you don't! Why it took me five years to learn all dem words. —The Sketch.

Church—Did you ever try any of these "close to nature" methods? Gotham—Well, I've used a porous plaster!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Hear the story of the shaky building?" "Nope. What is it?" "Oh, there's no foundation to it."—Pioneer Press.

## The Average Man's Library

Books the Man of Moderate Means is Going to Buy When he Gets the Money.

"MY library," said the man of moderate means, to the New York Sun, the other day, "exists at present mainly in the form of memoranda of books that I am going to buy some day when I get the money."

"I have a few books, but they are a miscellaneous lot and most of them in about the same condition as my dictionary. My dictionary is of an edition printed thirty years ago, and so it does not contain the words that have within that period been coined, or at least put in circulation; but still I don't miss them, there are more words in it as it is than I can ever use."

"The real trouble with it is its condition. With long use it has come to be broken backed, in fact it has broken apart into halves; and so when I open it I have to handle it with care, to keep one half from sliding past the other, and when I close it I have to even up the two halves to bring them back into their original form. What, besides, with its many loose leaves, that I have to be continually straightening and settling back into place, it is indeed a pretty dilapidated old volume."

"And, of course, the first book I ought to buy is a new dictionary, and I've been going to buy one for the past twenty years. Often and often I have said to myself, 'Now next week, or next month, I'll buy a new dictionary,' but when the time has come I have found other and more urgent uses for my money."

"In like manner I have put off from time to time, as I am still putting off, buying the books for my library. But I know what I want to buy when I get the money for it, and as these books are in one way and another brought to mind I put them down in my memoranda."

"Thus, yesterday I found in reading a reference to Blackstone's Commentaries, and I put that down. I have always wanted Blackstone's Commentaries. In looking over my memoranda, which I do now and then to cross out duplicated titles, I find that I have at intervals put Blackstone down on three separate earlier occasions, but that only confirms me in my desire. I have always thought I should enjoy Blackstone."

"Still, this does not always follow. I have in mind one book with whose title and with the name of whose author I had been familiar from the time I began reading, and to the reading of which I had always looked forward with anticipations of pleasure."

"But when in the course of time I came to get that book into my hands, which I did not by purchasing, but by borrowing from a friend, I was rather disappointed in it. I did find pleasure in it, but not the measure of pleasure nor the philosophical knowledge that I had anticipated from it. I should like to own this book, and if I had it I should at times dip into it, but I never should read it through again. I could do without it."

"Thus there are advantages in stocking a library on my plan when you get the money, for in the meantime you may have read—borrowed

from libraries or from other sources—books that you had thought you required, if indeed your time could be profitably spent in that.

"For there are books that come down to us sanctified with the approval of the writers' contemporaries—taken on trust by readers of succeeding generations—in which we may find after all but a languid interest or only that of the antiquary."

"But there are books which, whether they are old or new, we must have; not compendiums of knowledge or compilations of wisdom, but the books, these, of men of mature mind and clear vision who instruct and broaden and enlighten us, who have written for the ages; and of such books there are not so many but that a man of even limited resources might hope some day to be able to own them all."

"To these I would add, if the money held out, perhaps a few lighter books for the sake of diversion; but it is to the solid books that I am now directing mainly my attention."

"And so I read with interest all the lists of best books that I find and of books indispensable to every man's library and all that sort of thing, and it pleases me when I discover in these lists a book or books that I have already out of my own wisdom put down on the memorandum of books that I am going to buy for my library when I get the money, books that I shall surely possess unless before the coming of that golden day I shall myself have been put away on one of the innumerable shelves of the great library of Time."

## The Way of a Maid with a Man

The poet always sings about  
The maiden coy and sweet,  
Who wilfully and skillfully  
Sets lure for manly feet.

You'd think the canny set did naught  
But think and plot and plan,  
With a friend, with a book, by hook  
Or crook,  
To razzle-dazzle man.

Why don't they ever tell about  
The maiden sweet and fair,  
Who just to please her lonely self  
Put roses in her hair?

Of the maid who scorns coquettish  
arts  
Why don't these fellows sing?

To tell the truth I think because  
There's really no such thing.  
—Andrew Shaughnessy in New York Sun.

Henry Labouchere, the well-known English publicist and proprietor of Truth, once met a deputation of suffragists in the lobby of the House of Commons. He says of the encounter: "They all talked at the same time. After listening for a few minutes I said: 'Ladies, although your arguments may not persuade me, I am particularly susceptible to female beauty, and I am afraid that this may influence my judgment if I stay any longer.' The compliment was enough, and they all, I think, felt that my heart was in the right place, if my judgment was not."

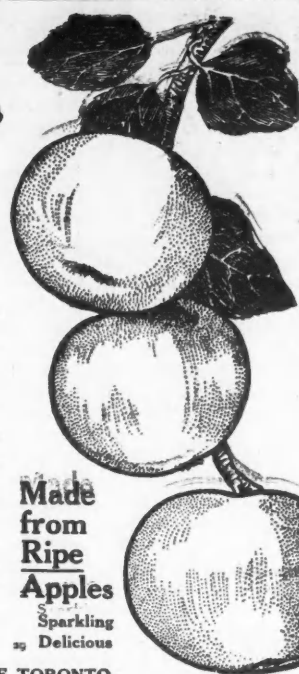
Mamma—What is that book you are reading, Willie? Little Willie—It's a book called "Child-Training" that I borrowed from Mrs. Smith. Mamma—Do you find it amusing? Little Willie—Oh, no; I merely wanted to see if I had been brought up properly.—Boston Courier.



"What are you doin', Pat?"

"Sure, it's a hen-coop for the pigs I'm makin'."—Tatler.

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## OTHER POINTS OF VIEW

NOTHING in the development of American taste is more hopeful than the waning of spread-eagle oratory and of turgid rhetoric in writing. The passing of the pompous and artificial in public discourse may be witnessed throughout the English-speaking world, for the faults of the old style, like many American failings, were not peculiar to this country, says the Youth's Companion, of Boston.

In a recent address at Edinburgh University Mr. Balfour said that good public speaking is merely heightened conversation. That is, it is natural, sincere, but polished and correct; just as in fiction the conversation sounds like people talking, but is easier and more firmly constructed than the spoken sentences of real life.

In the old days the flowery manner, employed by a master, could convey great matter and achieve poetic beauty. Webster could talk in periods and not "sound like play-acting." But much which passed with our forefathers for eloquence would seem to us prolix and false. The masters of the old style were splendid, but their imitators were dull and hysterical. The beginning of the change came when men like Lincoln and Beecher and the cooler-headed politicians of modern England and America turned their thoughts, not to the sounding-board, nor to a select audience, but to millions of people. Their words had to stand the test of print, and be read by a growing multitude, which wished above all things to understand what was meant.

The speaker of the British House of Commons, in a recent address, gave a hint which explains the change. He said that the most effective orator at the present time is he who best understands and has mastered his subject.

In former times the purpose of the orator was to stir up his hearers—to lead them to act, although they might not know why they were to act. To-day the object is to convince, and thorough preparation and simple, direct discourse and more effective for that than ornate sentences and the abundant gesticulation of the earlier method.

THE cause of the money scarcity has been solved, and by a New York paper. It has nothing to do with hoarding, or speculation, or high finance, or any of the theories in which the economists of the day are having so glorious a revel. It is simply a case of *cherchez la femme*. Woman, as ever, is at the bottom of all the trouble. Rich American girls have acquired a bad habit of marrying foreign titles, and then when they turn their backs upon American soil they take their money with them. Why, May Golet, who married the Duke of Roxburgh, carried away a trifle of \$40,000,000. Twenty-two blushing brides have shyly entrusted their foreign husbands with an aggregate of \$160,000,000, and when we finally reach an inclusive total we find the country the poorer by some \$900,000,000 for the real money thus removed from the country of its birth. No wonder the bank cashiers look frigidly upon us when we ask for a little of our own coin.

THE great question of hair and how not to be bald comes periodically to the surface, and one of these periods is now upon us in full force. Even Collier's Weekly unbends from the consideration of matters of national import and approaches the hair problem with a ponderous hesitation that is surely unnecessarily judicial. "It is generally thought," says Collier's, "that women are less subject to baldness than men." Collier's may just as well clear the fence at one leap and frankly admit that women are not subject to baldness at all, and that if there is here and there such a *rara avis* as a bald woman it is so unusual as to prove the rule. Of course, all sorts of explanations have been advanced. A lesser degree of mental activity on the part of women has been said to account for the phenomenon, although of course it does nothing of the kind. There are a great number of bald-headed men who could not possibly be accused of mental activity, while women of the intellectual type lose none of the hirsute exuberance which distinguishes the sex. Nor can it have anything to do with the hat, for there is no great difference nowadays between the habits of men and women in this respect.

The obvious explanation is (says the San Francisco Argonaut) that men lose their hair because they have it cut so often, and here at once is a powerful argument in favor of relaxing a very tiresome fashion. Nothing in the whole round of male duties is quite so intolerable as having the hair cut. It is humiliating, and

tedious, while only the most watchful care can prevent the artist from turning out his victim a sight for men and angels, an offence to the sunlight and an object of derision and contempt. Observe him carefully or he will drown you in vile smelling and nasty compounds. A moment's abstraction and you will find yourself arranged like a bar keeper on a holiday. The price of self-respect, even of self-tolerance, is a sleepless vigilance, and this martyrdom must be endured every few weeks in obedience to a custom that is inartistic and that has nothing at all in its favor. Why should not men be allowed to give their hair a rest for six months or so? Then we should hear fewer complaints of baldness and a prolific source of humor would be cut short.

There is no need to labor with this question. It is a painful and a personal one, but there are certain facts that deserve to be considered, and at least one of them shall be mentioned for what it may be worth. Why do stringed instruments have a favorable influence on the growth of the hair, while brass instruments must be reckoned among the detrimentals? Who ever saw a bald violinist and who ever saw a horn player who was not bald? Violinists, cellists, and pianists are always magnificently adorned, while those whose musical talents run in the direction of brass are lamentably deficient in the covering that nature intended for them. Mr. Daniel Mayer, the concert director, admits that this is so, but he can not account for it. He cites the examples of Ysaye, Burmeister, Rivarde, and Mischa Elman, who are violinists; Gerardy, the cellist, and Paderewski, Stavenhagen, Bauer, and Hambourg, the pianists. They are all well equipped, even nobly and impressively, although Stavenhagen, since he left off playing and took to conducting has been getting distinctly thin on the top. Surely these facts are worthy of notice, and moreover they may discourage the playing of wind instruments.

NEW YORK under the pinch of poverty is an interesting study, and it would be more interesting still if we knew just where the pinch comes in. As to this there are many conflicting reports. We hear pitiful stories of women who are so near the brink of destitution that they have to pass whole days without the purchase of a single new dress and who are learning the lesson of what it means to have an ungratified whim. But (says The Argonaut) upon the other hand we are told that so far as externals go there is no very visible diminution in the whirl of gaiety and that New York is still amusing herself in her accustomed and giddy way. The opening of the Metropolitan Opera House season was anticipated as a sort of barometer of social conditions, but if the theatre-goers are truly in a "stony broke" condition they failed to show it by an abstention from their usual amusements. The Metropolitan Opera House was just as crowded as upon other first nights. The equipages were just as numerous and as luxurious as of yore, while the costumes had lost nothing of their usual splendor. The house was sold out before 8 o'clock and hundreds were turned away from the doors. The Metropolitan Opera House took in \$9,000, and it is estimated that New York spent \$20,000 upon amusement of this kind within the compass of one rainy night. Hammerstein's opera has drawn better every night than was expected. Only a very few subscribers asked to be released, while the less expensive sats are filled for every performance.

The Horse Show, upon the other hand, was not quite so largely patronized. But then the Horse Show is a luxury pure and simple, and is something of an acquired taste. Music, however, is one of the necessities of life, and if New York is really feeling poor it is infinitely to her credit that she does not allow it to interfere with her music. The restaurants, too, had their usual crowd of after-opera supporters. If there was any special feature worthy of note it was the lesser consumption of champagne and of the more expensive wines. But New York is neither hungry nor thirsty, and does not intend to become so. Undoubtedly there is a certain amount of retrenchment and economy. It would be a scandal if there were not, but apprehension, if it exists at all, has certainly not reached the point of a curtailment of those pleasures that are a part of every wholesome civilization.

IN an editorial on "Personal Monarchy" the London Globe compares the cost to the two nations of the President of the United States and the King of England. "The mon-

archy in this country," says The Globe, "costs us somewhere about half a million a year, and regarded from every standpoint that is not a large sum for the provision of a ruler who is charged with the supervision of nearly four hundred millions of human beings and a fifth of the habitable globe. Take the only republic which in wealth and extent is comparable to our own empire, the United States of America. The nominal salary of the President is comparatively small, but republican simplicity does not enable our cousins to get him into the White House for less than four millions sterling. As a matter of fact, a presidential election in America costs anything from five to seven millions, and it takes place every four years. On that calculation the President costs on the average a million and a half a year. If we only reckon the sum at a million, it is still double what our monarchy with all its state and splendid associations costs ourselves."

IN these days of literary masterpieces a place of honor must be found for the autobiography of Miss Phyllis Dare, one of those bright and particular ornaments of the English stage who has won a deserved fame by signing an unprecedented number of picture postals and very nearly entangling into matrimony a scion of England's "old nobility." It is true that Miss Dare is only seventeen years old, but we live fast now-a-days, and possibly Miss Dare, having filled a goodly volume with the things that she wishes to say about herself, could fill another book of equal size with the things that she would rather not reveal.

Miss Dare says very modestly that she can not understand why the public should be interested in so insignificant a person as herself. Neither can we, but we must take things as we find them, and be thankful for the gems of self-revelation that simply strew Miss Dare's literary pathway. She says, "Life in a theatre tends to make a child somewhat precocious, but this is a fault which can easily be remedied by parents." Note the profundity of this reflection. Truly a Daniel has come to judgment. If Miss Dare can say such things at seventeen, what will she not be capable of at twice seventeen, if popular actresses can ever be said to reach that painful age?

The life of a young actress is a strenuous one, so much so, indeed, as to call for interference from the society for the protection of young children. Her days are filled with arduous toil and we fairly wonder how she can be so cheerful under it all. She is good enough to give us a representative day.

Three visits to my theatrical dresser-maker; two visits to my own dresser-maker; measured for theatrical shoes; measured for private footgear; six hours at Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield's, my theatrical photographers; four hours at rehearsals; business connected with my appearance in pantomime at Birmingham at Christmas; two visits to theatrical milliners; visit to a well-known song writer to try over some new songs he was writing for me; an hour's practice at two new dances; signed over three hundred picture postcards, and replied personally to thirty-four letters.

Ten hours are accounted for by the photographers and rehearsal alone, without counting five dressmaking visits, two millinery visits, and such mere trivialities as writing thirty-four letters, signing three hundred postals, singing and dancing. And yet there are people who call this a life of pleasure. Just let them try it.

## The City's Challenge.

ACROSS the shadowed reaches of the night  
That, with its mystery of moon and star,  
Expands the mind until it leaps afar,  
Disdaining with a high Olympic might  
The sordid thoughts that petty days invite,  
I look—and where no earthly thing should mar  
The vast horizon, gleaming towers bar  
The darkness with great bands of glowing light!

O million-windowed city streets that flare  
A challenge to the moon! much must there be  
Of inspiration unrevealed to me,  
Within the heart of thy Titanic glare,  
Since for it men so willingly forswear  
This sight of night's start-strewn Infinity.

—Rhoda Hero Dunn in The Smart Set.

The Night  
Magnifies

Something Worth Knowing For  
Those Who Lie Awake and  
Worry. . . . .

"YOU have lain awake at night," said a physician, "and heard a mouse gnawing at the woodwork somewhere down in a kitchen cupboard?"

His listener nodded.  
"How loud did it sound to you—as loud as a burglar splintering the door jambs with a jimmy?"

Another nod.  
"You have been awakened at 1.30 a.m. by the crying of a teething infant next door?"

A shudder.  
"And it sounded like the hoarse murmurs and mingled ululations of a frenzied mob assembled outside to demand somebody's blood?"

Partial collapse.  
"Along toward morning you have listened to the thin, small voice of a mosquito circulating above your head?"

An involuntary slap.  
"Did it sound like the screech of a planing mill turning out clapboards for a barn?"

Two nods.  
"Would you have minded any of these sounds in the daytime?"

A shake of the head.  
"Now, I have no doubt you think that the seeming loudness of these sounds was due to the contrasting silence of the night. But take another test. You have been in love?"

Um-um (with utterance).  
"And do you remember how much softer and warmer and more thrilling was the touch of your best girl's hand as you strolled with her on the way home from singing school at the witching hour of half-past 9 p.m. than it was when you called in the forenoon to ask if you might escort her to the aforesaid vocal exercises?"

An unspoken yum yum.  
"Was it the night's silence then that added the finishing touch?"

"It was not," the physician replied to his own question, noting his listener's look of uncertainty. "Take another instance: 'You think you know how to write—a little.'"

A smile of gratification.  
"Well, you find yourself awake at night and thinking. A gem of an idea suddenly sparkles in the darkness. You surround it with epigrams and while elaborating the setting you fall asleep. What does this jewel amount to in the morning?"

A sigh.  
"There you are. You recall the idea and some of the epigrams and a little of the setting, and all of it is so commonplace that you wouldn't think of trying to make anything presentable out of it."

"The fact is," the physician went on, "the night magnifies. At night our pleasures are more keen, our pains more distressing, our small successes are triumphs, our little failures are disasters, our faintly cherished hopes appear before us as things realized, our small worries as overwhelming calamities."

"You find yourself awake in the night and your thoughts wander back to some time in your youth when in the presence of those older and wiser you—as you now see it—were guilty of some slight breach in deportment or of some little offence to good taste in speech, and you dwell upon the condemnation that must have fallen upon you. In the morning if what you were dwelling upon so seriously occurs to your mind at all you smile and say to yourself that if your fault was noticed by anybody at the time it was too trivial for any one but you to remember."

"The night magnifies," the physician repeated. "Such things as I have mentioned prove it. It is partly due to the silence, but more to ourselves. To account for the latter would keep me talking."

"But take it for granted that whatever your cause for worry at night it will look smaller by daylight, and refuse to dwell on it. If your anticipations are pleasant, nurse them and you will fall asleep. In the morning you will not be downcast because your magnified hopes of the night seem unlikely to be realized."—New York Sun.

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## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

## Bulletin.

## WINTER TRIPS TO SUMMERTIME.

It is always summer somewhere. When ice and snow have bound Canada with their frigid grip, they are picking ripe fruit from the trees in Florida under summer skies. This is "Florida Time," and the Pennsylvania Railroad is the natural route to the sunny Southland.

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# HER FIRST MARRIAGE

By ARTHUR STANLEY WHEELER

FOR a year the widow had dwelt in the shadow of her grief—had lived from day to day without definite plan. On the anniversary of her husband's death she sat down before a wood fire in her sitting-room to take stock of the past and provide for the future. Her memory reaching back across the twelve months' chasm, grappled with the scenes of the funeral.

"How he would have hated it all, if he could have known about it!" she exclaimed. "He could never endure stereotyped affairs. And yet—I suppose it would have amused him."

She caught herself wishing to smile, and checked the impulse from a sense of duty; but on second thought gave it rein.

"Why shouldn't I smile?" she asked. "Surely there's no need for me to be solemn over something which would have provoked his mirth."

Then the thought struck her that probably he would have blamed her on that very score; he had always been illogical, had Redpath. She smiled again—this time involuntarily. She had known him so well!

She leaned forward and readjusted a log in the fireplace. The flames, shooting suddenly up, shone redly on the brass ends of the old-fashioned andirons. They had bought those andirons, Redpath and she, on a day following the disposal of one of his songs, and had quarreled thereafter concerning the choice of a restaurant in which to dine. It seemed to her that they had not dined out a dozen times in all their years of married life without splitting over some such trivial matter.

Yet the ten years had been happy ones in the main; the worst of the ante-nuptial prophecies had not been verified. The young wife had learned to cope with the more violent phases of the "artistic temperament," as exemplified in her husband. She had found that a calm but unobtrusive silence was her best weapon when in fits of depression he bewailed the unhappy fact that he was alive, swore, stamped his feet childishly, and now and then relieved his feelings by smashing some inexpensive piece of crockery. At the very first these spasms had alarmed her; but she had come to the conclusion, later, that they were only the explosions of a mind which had never outgrown certain tricks of its infancy, and never would outgrow them. Redpath had always been pathetically sorry after an outburst, showing his repentance by returning to the attitude of courtship days. To do him justice he had never lost completely the manner of a lover; that manner had merely gone into temporary eclipse on occasions when nervousness overbalanced his slender allowance of common sense.

His aloofness, and his bitter suspicion of his fellow-men had been harder for his wife to bear. She had understood to some extent his desperate fear of poverty, for she had gathered from his chance savings an idea of the almost penniless years through which he had passed on his way to public notice; but she had not been able to excuse his habitual search for solitude. She herself liked "company," and it had been difficult to suit her life to that of a confirmed recluse. Although Redpath had rarely voiced specific objections to social activity his position had been hostile; his talent for getting himself disliked by people in general had nearly amounted to genius.

In strange contrast to these qualities had been his generosity and his lack of jealousy in its crudest form. He had invariably furnished money to the limit of his ability; and Leila's admirers—especially the Other Man, who had almost succeeded in marrying her and who had remained single for her sake—had failed to arouse in him either suspicion or hatred. In fact, he had shown symptoms of liking the Other Man.

"Why do you care for John Raymond?" she had once asked, a trifle piqued by so odd a fancy. "I shouldn't have supposed he'd attract you particularly; you don't like business men."

"Raymond," he replied, "is a relief to me because of his absolute sanity. He indulges in neither moral nor immoral preachments, and refuses to toot his own horn. Further, he's the only successful man I've ever known or heard of who don't talk shop out of hours. He acts on me like a cold shower-bath in midsummer. I regain my sense of proportion when I'm with him."

"But—don't you sometimes feel jealous? I'm very fond of John, you know."

"My dear Leila, it hasn't occurred

to me to mistrust you. I'd as soon think of playing the Fifth Nocturne in ragtime."

He had shown in that speech his better side—the side she could respect as well as love. For, aside from his essential decency toward her, she had liked most in him his devotion to his art. Even in his days of failure he had declined to prostitute music—to compose tinpan drivel for the dollars which he so sorely needed; and a moderate prosperity had not tempted him from his determination. Nor had he ignored the public taste altogether. He had avoided extremes, and contrived to make his melodies reasonably popular without forfeiting his artistic self-respect.

"The power to compose stuff that most people can't understand is no sign of genius," was his opinion. "It's generally a sign that the composer's a fool. Once in a while some musical barbarian gains the dear public's affections by batting said public in the eye; but as a rule a few gentle pats on the back are more efficacious. One needn't bow down and rub one's nose on the pavement, though."

Yes, Redpath had been quite sure of the wisdom of his course. His vanity—his colossal vanity! The widow, smiling once more at her memories, wondered if there was any subject about which he would not have felt himself competent to pronounce a final opinion. True, he had not often troubled to go out of his own sphere; but that was only more conclusive evidence of his self-centredness. He had viewed everything unmusical with a scorn sufficiently complete to excite admiration, unless it happened to beget scorn in return. There had been no sympathetic bond between him and the majority of his kind; no hobby, shared by hundreds of others, which would have served to draw his mind, in periods of relaxation, away from itself. He had thought continually of his work, suffering intensely, if ridiculously, when long concentration had snapped the link that connects effort with production. Leila could shut her eyes, and with the vision of the brain, see him wandering again through the rooms, his thin fingers a-twitch, and his lean, yellow face distorted into a ludicrous caricature by the stress of some fugitive inspiration. In like manner, she could hear the placid voice of the Other Man:

"Don't fuss, don't worry. He'll come out of it in a couple of days, and maybe the result will be a second 'Artemisia.'"

It was from Raymond, indeed, that she had got her first hint of the way to manage Redpath. The elder man had seemed to reciprocate the younger's liking; after the first shock of disappointment he had accorded his successful rival characteristic praise.

"Your husband deserves a great deal of credit," he said. "You won't think a bit of advice from me impertinent, Leila? Well, then, if ever the skein gets a bit tangled, remember these two things: first, Redpath has given much pleasure to many people through his music; second, he loves you."

And again:

"If you had married a stupid chap, my dear, I could have forgiven you. Redpath is at least a personality. He allows one to expect the Unexpected."

Leila had not been entirely certain, at that time, of the Unexpected's charm for her; her interest in new achievements had been somewhat deadened by conflict with Redpath's varying moods. Now, however, she realized that much of the excitement in her life of the past decade had been due to that very element—to the hope that he would do something wonderful, to the fear lest the strain under which he labored might bring about a tragedy. When once she had learned to accept philosophically most of his petty idiosyncrasies of temper she had been able to feel some satisfaction in his work. It had pleased her to know that her husband was different from the common run. Had she chanced to love Raymond instead of Redpath she would not have experienced that special satisfaction; for Raymond was, by his own confession, a man of only average ability, untroubled by the lust for fame. She was therefore in the composer's debt for a unique emotion. He, who "had given much pleasure to many people through his music," had honored his wife by allowing her to share indirectly in his gifts. But was she bound to him in any other way? Would a ghost of the old love arise to vex her later life with vague misgivings and regrets? Redpath had been a personality; but how strong a one?

Weary of her chair by the fireside, she crossed the room, and turned the

knob of a door which opened into the dimly-lighted hall.

She stood for a moment in the doorway, then walked down the hall to the front door. Throwing this open, she stepped out upon the porch. The raw air of early March smote sharply on her senses, roused them to fresh activity; despite its revivifying power, however, it seemed subtly fetid, as though charged with the exhalations of thousands of city dwellers, turned loose by factory and shop to snatch a brief anemic respite from unhealthy toil. Up and down the street, the gaslights, in a double row, flickered feebly in the wind that penetrated to them through broken panes of glass.

On her left was the entrance to Redpath's room, and an impulse urged her to turn the key.....

She groped her way to the mantel. On her last visit, a week before, she had left a box of safety matches; as she struck one, she remembered Redpath's objection to them:

"Don't supply me with those things! It's hard enough to find a match without hunting for a foolish box to strike it on. The human trousers are the only natural striking-place."

The gas in the droplight caught fire with a noise like a muffled shot. The shaded radiance dispelled the gloom gradually, lending softened outlines to the furniture. On a shelf in one corner an Eastern idol displayed an encouraging grin, as if joyous at being delivered again out of obscurity.

Leila looked around her cautiously, in the manner of one who, advancing into a room known to be empty, yet fears a hidden occupant. With all her accurate knowledge of her husband, she had felt at times the mysterious quality of his mind—of the part of his mind, that is, which had produced his music; and since his death she had rarely entered his workshop untouched by the superstitious notion that he might still be there in spirit. His piano had seemed always ready to break into melody beneath the influence of ghostly fingertips.

There was only silence—a silence as prosaically cheerful as the idol's grin. The room was more homelike and intimate in the mellow, artificial glow than in dingy winter daylight. The widow drew a relieved breath, and seated herself in a leather-covered arm-chair, facing the idol.

"Your wisdom is better than ours, sphinx of the Orient," she said. "You're eternally the same, and the axiom 'This too, O King, shall pass away,' doesn't afflict you with sadness."

Her gaze wandered to the bookcase, on top of which was piled a litter of Redpath's papers, held down by a silver-mounted skull. The papers had been collected from the floor, the table, the chairs, behind the pictures, even under the edge of the carpet; the composer had been in the habit of jotting down random notes on the first scrap within reach, and then thrusting the scrap away for future reference. He had usually forgotten the location of these treasures, but had been furiously angry if they were disturbed in the process of sweeping or dusting. The skull was an example of his bizarre taste in ornaments. "What a boy!" thought Leila. "What a boy!"

She shifted from the arm-chair to a straight-backed one by the table. Resting her chin in her hand and her elbow on the table-edge, she looked at the objects scattered over the big blotter. There were in the collection writing materials—including a fountain pen with a silver skeleton wrapped around it in filigree work—a silver cigarette case, also decorated with the emblem of Death, an Italian dagger, and half-a-dozen photographs of singers and pianists. She drew forward one of the photographs; a large lady in a tight evening gown stared at her insolently, and at the foot was inscribed, with many flourishes:

"To My Very Dear Friend, Arnold Redpath, Veronica."

Looking at the flashy picture, she wondered why Redpath had not loved some different woman—Veronica, or another of that type—who would have felt less deeply the responsibility of his love. He had worshipped beautiful voices, and there had been in him a streak of coarseness which might reasonably have been pardoned to by buxom physical grandeur.

The idea startled her a trifle, because it suggested that she was considering her husband from a detached standpoint. Had her active interest in him perished with the passage of a single year? She could examine his personal belongings without distress; she could even ask herself calmly whether it might not have been better if he had married someone else.

.....To this latter query, however, she was inclined to make a negative answer. She judged the experience to have been worth the trouble. On

the other hand, her present indifference showed that she had paid heavily for benefits received by his great demands. Redpath had exhausted her capacity for violent emotion. There remained in her no passionate love to give to another man—her happiness thenceforth must depend on mediocre joys. She was rather thankful than sorry, for she felt that she had discharged her debt. The dead composer, part child, part charlatan and part genius, would be to her an entertaining memory; but he would not have the power to cast a shadow over the future.

After one more glance about the room, she took up Redpath's pen and began her letter to Raymond.—The Smart Set for December.

## The Shoe of a Princess.

OF course, it was a woman who started the discreditable rumor that Princess Marie Bonaparte wears a No. 6 shoe. The Princess Marie is about to marry Prince George of Greece, and the size of her shoe is therefore a matter of international importance. Wars have been started before to-day on a more slender foundation than this, and the correspondent of the New York World therefore thought it his duty to inquire into the matter. He consulted a shoemaker who was in a position to know, and he was assured that the princess did not wear a No. 6 shoe. With a fine diplomacy that would have been a credit to Talleyrand, he did not disclose the actual size. He was asked a plain question and he answered it plainly.

We may never know the size of the princess' foot, nor even the measurement of her waist, but we are allowed to know that her trousseau contains one hundred and twenty pairs of shoes, and with economy this ought to last her for quite a time. They are all of different tints and there is a dress to correspond with each. All this magnificence is laid out for the inspection of the public and the lady herself condescended to step around and see them. She was dressed at the time in a costume so plain as to be almost severe, and her interest in her trousseau is said to have been of the most languid description. It must be dreadful to have whatever one wishes for and to be almost unable to formulate an ungratifiable wish. Naturally one values nothing under such circumstances and wishes for nothing, which must be very sad. Ordinary people usually value things because they are hard to get. The proximity to the unattainable gives them a preciousness that they would not otherwise have, but where there is no ratio between the attainable and the unattainable there can be no real joy in possession. Of course, the Princess Marie possesses Prince George of Greece, and that, in its way, will be a monopoly—at least, it is to be hoped so—but other people who know Prince George of Greece do not believe that there was any serious competition, nor likely to be. There is no doubt that Prince George of Greece has many sterling qualities, but a bright and scintillating intellect is not among them. We can not have everything in this world, and when Prince George's virtues have been ascertained they may be found to compensate fully for those slight mental deficiencies for which only his maker is responsible. The doubtless much-to-be congratulated lover, who, by the way, is as poor as the proverbial church mouse, came to see the trousseau. He examined it with the coldly critical eye of the appraiser and said, "It is very good."

Princess Marie Bonaparte has had lovers galore, and it would seem to the rank outsider that this is a case of going farther and faring worse. There was Prince Henry of Orleans, but then this young scion of royalty had a weakness for Casino girls, and he was promptly turned down. The next suitor was Prince Danilo of Montenegro, but his affections also were too comprehensive. Then there was the Duke of Abruzzi, and Marie might have done much worse than marry the brilliant young Italian. Of course, it's none of our business, but as royalties have a touching way of taking the world into their confidence in these *affaires du coeur*, an expression of honest opinion may not be amiss. But, of course, it's too late now.

"George, I saw that Singleton woman to-day carrying the silk umbrella that she borrowed from me at the club card party." "Why didn't you ask her for it?" "I was just going to when I remembered that I borrowed it from Mrs. Trumper."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Indignant Citizen—Say! Your boy threw a stone at me just now and barely missed me. Mr. Grogan—Yez say he missed ye? Indignant Citizen—That's what I understood myself to remark. Mr. Grogan—It was not my boy.—The New Century.

Farmer Jones (to amateur hunter)—There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that

Only when one has children of his own to bring up does he realize how badly brought up he himself is.—Fliegende Blätter.



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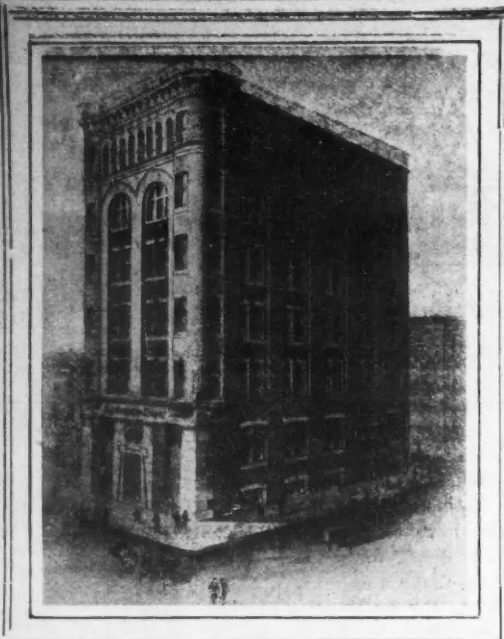
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! ? POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ? !

In the Football Scrimmage Days.

LIKE a majority of the prominent men in Canadian public, business or professional life, Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, who is putting up so forceful a fight for the mayoralty, knew what it was to labor with his hands in the days of his youth. This fact was brought out in amusing fashion by an incident which occurred last year at the annual dinner of the Stationary Engineers' Association, an event which Dr. Nesbitt always makes a point of attending. He was speaking to the engineers on the comparatively easy conditions of work they enjoy to-day.

"You fellows sit in easy chairs in marble-tiled rooms, with automatic feeders and electric light, and your engines run themselves. It was different when I ran the engine in J. B. Smith's sawmill in Angus and tried to make steam with wet slabs."

A prominent Toronto capitalist, who now counts his money in wads, and who, like Dr. Nesbitt, has from Simcoe county, leaned over to the speaker and whispered: "Why, I fired that old boiler before you did, doctor."

"Tell them so, John, tell them so," urged the doctor. The wealthy Torontonian "told them so," which gave the fun-loving doctor the opportunity he sought for—a joke at his friend's expense.

"Gentlemen," he said, "until I heard Mr. M.'s confession just now, I never knew, though I have often wondered, who it was that left that boiler in such a rotten condition."

During Dr. Nesbitt's university days he was one of the strong men on the Varsity rugby team. He wore an old orange and green jersey, which gathered all kinds of dirt in the scrimmages. It got into such a state that the players objected to it, and asked that it be sent to the college laundry. As the future politician feared that the orange and green colors would run in the wash he stood on his Irish rights, and not only refused to send it but also to play in any other shirt. The Ottawa College team, then champions of the world, were to be played on the college green, and prompt action was necessary. A meeting of the team was called. But as in later days, opposition had only made the doughty Nesbitt more determined, and he blankly refused the offer of a brand new orange and green shirt.

Curly McKay, the famous full back, spoke up: "Fellows, we all know that we need our strongest men for Saturday's game. We all know that he is a very strong man without his guernsey—and he is a d—n sight stronger with it. We need all the strength possible. Let him wear his old shirt."

Curley's speech caught the boys. Beattie Nesbitt was allowed to wear his shirt, and with his help Varsity won the game.

When Nesbitt Went to the Wars.

WHEN the Riel rebellion broke out in 1885 Beattie Nesbitt, then nineteen years old, was a member of "K" Company, Varsity Company of the Queen's Own. With the Irishman's love for ructions of any sort he welcomed the prospect of service, and with his fellows he faced the rigors of the arduous trip to the Northwest in winter weather, a trip he made for the most part in box cars, where the railway had been built, and on foot over trackless snow and snow-clad wastes where the links of the C.P.R. had not yet been joined. On the stormy north shore of Lake Superior, a rear guard, of which Private Nesbitt

was a member, reached a railway construction camp. The lieutenant in charge of the guard asked the foreman to hitch up and drive the party on to where they could overtake the main body, at the end of a section of the railway. The foreman flatly refused and the lieutenant resigned himself to passing the night at the camp. Not so Private Nesbitt. Calling two or three of his comrades aside, they fixed bayonets and again interviewed the foreman.

"Are you going to hitch up that team?" asked Private Nesbitt.

The foreman looked first at his comfortable bunk, then at the determined young men, and their gleaming bayonets, and ungraciously replied that he "guessed he'd hitch up."

"How did you persuade him, Nesbitt?" asked the lieutenant, who had not been present at the colloquy.

"Oh, I found that we were old acquaintances, and he did it for friendship's sake," answered the private, who did not consider it policy to inform his superior of the manner in which he had overridden the private rights of the surly foreman.

He Didn't Know Carrots.

A COLLEGE graduate who was very proud of having passed through the university with honors, was visiting some friends, and at supper was given the head of the table. In waiting on his friend's little girl of seven he said:

"Now, Beatrice, will you have some of the contents of this dish?"

Beatrice looked solemnly and in wonder from one to the other, then turning to the young student said very seriously:

"Those aren't contents, they are carrots!"

The laugh was on him.

A Canadian on the Panama Canal.

AT whatever spot on any part of the world there is marked activity you may depend upon it a Canadian is there. Down in Panama, where the United States is building a great canal to unite the two oceans, a Canadian has been for the past two years occupying one of the most important positions under the Canal Commission. Mr. W. G. Tubby, who serves as chief of materials and supplies on this vast work, was born in 1855 in Acton, Ont., and was educated at the public school there and at the academy at Georgetown. He went to the West during the building of the C.P.R., and became superintendent of construction as far as Calgary. Some time later he returned to Toronto, where he took charge of the stores of the C.P.R. at Parkdale, introducing many reforms in the shops and offices. Later he attracted the notice of Mr. J. J. Hill, who engaged his services and sent him to the front on construction work for the Great Northern, where he broke all previous track laying records, and it is said, established records that have not been since equalled. Mr. Tubby remained with the Hill combination for thirteen years, taking charge of the stores over the entire system, which covered seven thousand miles, the buildings of the Great Northern at St. Paul being the result of his own plans. About two years ago the Panama Canal Commission, on looking for just such a man, offered Mr. Tubby the position of chief of materials and supplies, which position he has occupied with much acceptance to the Commission, and has thoroughly systemized his department.

The magnitude of this great canal undertaking is difficult to grasp. From some figures recently published concerning the work, it is gathered that in one month last year—not by any means the best month—about one million cubic yards of material was scooped out of the Culobra Cut alone, about half of this being solid rock, to remove which over ten miles of holes were drilled and one hundred and eighteen tons of explosives were used in blasting. SATURDAY NIGHT has received from one of its readers some copies of The Canal Record, a weekly paper published at Ancon, on the Canal zone, containing much interesting evidence of the activities which attend the great engineering feat now being carried on in Panama. Roughly, there appears to be about fifty thousand men employed on the work. There is being spent about \$8,000,000 a month, or about \$100,000,000 a year. If the work of excavation proceeds during the next five years at present speed the digging alone will cost, all told, about \$600,000,000. There is to be a huge dam at Gatun, and the system of locks to be built, which the engineers say will require more time than the work of excavation, will cost not less than \$250,000,000. In fact the round guess is made that the complete Panama Canal will cost the United States not less than \$1,000,000,000.

An English engineer, who recently returned to New York from the Canal zone, says he can see no reason why the entire work should not be completed in another eight years.

Joe Knew How to Use a Story.

JOSEPH HOWE, the great Nova Scotian, was not above using a humorous story in Parliament to serve his end. On one occasion he said: "We are told of a judge who once pointed his stick at a prisoner, exclaiming: 'There is a great scamp at the end of my stick.' The audience was convulsed with laughter, when the man, bowing politely to the court, inquired: 'At which end, my Lord?' The Attorney-General, having pointed Lord Falmouth's baton at me, and called upon his Lordship to inform the country that there is a violent, ambitious, and impracticable man at the end of it, he must not be surprised if the shrewd people of Nova Scotia, with good humor, ask: 'At which end, my Lord?'"

A Professor with Defective Eyesight.

MANY stories are told of the amusing mistakes made by pupils, but anecdotes anent the had breaks of instructors are something of rarities. One of the best on record is told of one of the professors in the classical department of Queen's University.

The professor in question was extremely short-sighted, and had some difficulty in telling the various members of his class apart. On the occasion in question one of the male students was translating, or rather attempting to translate, a passage from Ulysses. He experienced considerable difficulty and after stammering along for some lines, with more or less aid from the professor, he sat suddenly down, and the student next in order to him, who happened to be a lady, arose.

The professor happened to be looking at his book

when the man took his seat. When he raised his eyes he saw a student standing and, being too short-sighted to tell the difference, took the fair "co-ed" for the retired gentleman. The lady paused a few moments before commencing her translation, and the professor, ignorant of the change, took the pause for another breakdown on the part of the male student.

"Come, come!" he cried. "Don't stand there looking at it. Pull up your pants and wade in!"

The resultant confusion may be better imagined than described.

Names Among the Negroes.

THE common sense and efficiency in whatever she undertakes, shown by the average Canadian girl has given her a high stand in the work-a-day world, and every year many young women who could not afford to travel on expenses, have no difficulty in securing lucrative positions in various parts of the globe; so that by combining business and sight-seeing they can gratify this desire.

Particularly does this apply to the teaching profession; the United States, alone, absorbing a large number of our teachers, annually.

A young lady who recently returned from teaching in the Southern States, has been telling her experiences, some of the most amusing being in connection with the weird names of the negro children. On asking the name of one bright little girl, she was convulsed with mirth when the child replied with dignity "Vanilla Bean Milton." Later the young lady told the incident to another member of the staff, and was advised to ask the name of the little girl's brother, as it was even more delightful. Accordingly, she put the question with suitable gravity, for the levity excited in "de pore white trash" by these original cognomens is only equalled by the evident pride of their dusky bearers. The small boy said that his name was "Royal."

"And is that all?" queried the fair interlocutor, somewhat disappointed.

"No'm," replied the youngster, throwing out his chest "my fu' name am Royal Baking Powdah Milton!"

Dr. Drummond's Love of Art.

THE following incident relative to the late Dr. W. H. Drummond, of "habitant" fame, was told the other day by an artist who took part in the little comedy. Dr. Drummond's sportsmanlike tendencies had led him afield in many directions, and he was particularly fond of paintings which depicted sporting incidents. A catch of bass or a string of trout well depicted on canvas always caught his eye and gained his approval. A young French-Canadian artist, Fabien by name, had while in Paris painted some still life studies with no little artistic skill; and upon the artist's return to Montreal from the French capital a number of his oils were exhibited in the Montreal Art Association's galleries.

Meeting Mr. Drummond on St. Catherine street one day, not far from the gallery, his artistic friend bethought himself of the Fabien pictures and enquired if the doctor had seen them. "No," he had not. He was busy, but still he might spare the time to go and look them over. So to the gallery the pair proceeded, the doctor duly paying his quarter and climbing the stairs to the long gallery where the pictures were hung.

As they walked along the artist warmed to the subject and waxed enthusiastic over the technique, the coloring and all the rest of it, as depicted in the painting in question. At last the quest was reached on the far wall of the gallery.

Dr. Drummond glanced at the well painted plaque for one brief moment and then turned on his artistic friend as if to eat him up.

"Don't you know better than to bring me way up here to look at a thing like that!" He fairly punctured the air with the weight of the sentence; and without halting for more from his artistic friend, the doctor fairly shouted. "Why man, he's painted a couple of suckers!"

Off For a Tour of India.

CAPTAIN H. S. SCOTT-HARDEN, who is taking a party of Canadians to India early in February over the route travelled by their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, in 1905-1906, accompanied the royal party on that trip, as correspondent to The Times of India. Capt. Harden was present at the International occupation of Crete, 1898-99; served in the South African campaign, 1899-1902, taking part in the battle of Colenso, the actions at Spion Kop, Venter's Spruit, Vaal Krantz, Pieter's Hill, the relief of Ladysmith, and also was at Laing's Nek. He was mentioned in despatches for the defence of Sutherland, Cape Colony, where he was commandant when the Boers attacked the town.

Captain Scott-Harden also served in Somaliland during the campaign against the Mad Mullah in 1904, and crossed the waterless desert. He was war correspondent to the London Daily Graphic during the Russo-Japanese war, was present at the battle of Lio Yang and was awarded the royal red cross of Japan for an act of kindness in the field.

When Henry Miller was a Boy.

THE romance of our modern democracy finds many illustrations in daily life. One evening around the dinner table Henry Miller, the well-known actor, was under discussion.

"I remember," said one, "when he was a small boy in Toronto. His father was a contractor, and I used to see young Miller going along with a dinner pail, taking his father's dinner to him where he was working."

That is not so long ago either, but to-day Henry Miller is one of the stars of the American stage, and when he talks back to a policeman, as he did recently, or does any other little thing out of the ordinary, he gets columns of space and big head lines in the newspapers.

Answers to his Constituents.

RICHARD BLAIN, the Conservative member for Peel, has just concluded a series of meetings in his county which are somewhat unique in the politics of this country. At several of the most important points in the county he has met the electors, explained many of the im-

portant bills which were up for consideration last session, giving both sides of the argument, how he voted and why. Mr. Blain adopted this policy of heart-to-heart talks to his constituents when he was first elected seven years ago and he has consistently kept it up ever since. It conduces to a better understanding of public questions and enables the member and the voters to keep in touch with each other. As a mere matter of party tactics it has evidently been successful, for Mr. Blain has steadily increased his majority. Electors like to be remembered between election campaigns.

Mr. Tarte's Magnetism and Impulsiveness.

SINCE the death of Hon. Mr. Tarte many stories have been told of him, and countless tributes have been paid to him by newspapers all over Canada. Most of what has been written of him, however, fails to convey a correct impression of the real man and the qualities that made him for a while the most interesting character in Canadian public life. With him it was solely a matter of personal magnetism. The suddenness with which his light went out when he was publicly decapitated, and when his personality could no longer shed its radiant beams unless he founded a new party, demonstrates this. It was this magnetism which made his speeches seem so different in type to what they sounded like; that enabled him to win the momentary liking and applause of audiences in their hearts hostile to his sentiments and actions. A vivid and picturesque personality is a very rare thing in Canadian politics, and is regarded as a precious possession by both great parties, but it is one of the lesser elements in leadership. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a public man of picturesque qualities both in speech and personality, but Canadians must have noted that of late years he has relied less and less on these attributes and more on cold dispassionate consideration in dealing with all public matters, to hold his pre-eminent place. Mr. Tarte—in his way quite as picturesque a personality as Sir Wilfrid—universally regarded as a good fellow, with a gift for charming vast audiences, died a disappointed man in partial obscurity because he followed his impulses—impulsiveness being one of his most delightful characteristics from the standpoint of human interest.

It is not necessary to deal with his various acts; they are in the final sifting rather inconsiderable, but a word or two as to his gift of speech, which was his main asset, may be opportune. The writer saw much of him during his famous tour of the fall fairs in Ontario in the early autumn of 1902. It was this excursion which proved suicidal in a political sense, for as soon as Laurier came back from England he was silenced just as effectively as a heretic priest is silenced by his bishop. This was really one of the most remarkable political tours ever undertaken in this province. Less than two years previously all Ontario had been howling at him in execration as a traitor to British connection, and Liberal candidates had been afraid to let him come upon their platforms to defend himself. In 1902 his private car, with his eloquent lieutenant, Charles Marcel, M.P., and his private secretary abroad, tied up on half the railway sidings in Ontario, and the whole countryside turned out to applaud his vivid oratory and his protectionist ideas. Despite the fact that the Toronto Globe, the Montreal Herald and the Halifax Chronicle were warning the public to pay no attention to him, to shoo him off the lot if he dared to force his insinuating presence into gatherings devoted to the golden pumpkin and the bacon hog, country Liberal organizations persisted in banqueting him, listening to him, and applauding him. Conservatives joined with Liberals for the sport of the thing, and because he was so different from the canny Scotch Grit who is the abomination of the jovial old-fashioned Tory. And the organizations thought they had good reason for banqueting him, for Mr. Tarte was still Minister of Public Works, the gentleman who had wharves and bridges and edifices up his sleeve, and prospective local expenditures were pleasant to contemplate whether the party organs saw eye to eye with him on the tariff or not. Mr. Tarte was inimitable on these occasions; to recall him, hail-fellow-well-met with the farmers of the back townships, conquering every second the bitter race and creed prejudices which curse this province, is to feel regret that he did not come up to this province to live. With a sincere interest in agriculture—for he remained a farmer nearly all his life—with his wonderful grey, genial eyes, with his ever-smiling countenance, he easily conquered all whom he met. The speeches he delivered were not in the last analysis very important. They could have been delivered by a sticky, stodgy politician without causing a moment's discussion, but Mr. Tarte's magnetism, and his mode of turning even his deficiencies in the expression of English to account, gave them a factitious importance.

There are those, however, who say that men have never heard J. Israel Tarte speak who have only heard him in English. In his own language his flow of vivacious, homely expression is said to have been absolutely captivating, and no other man put quite so much nervous effort into his utterances. It is said that on one occasion, speaking at length at a banquet in Montreal, he practically demolished a potted palm which stood on the table in front of him. Every moment or two he would reach over, absent-mindedly tear off a spike, roll it up or pull it to pieces and throw it on the floor.

Another anecdote is told of his methods in subduing a hostile crowd in a great mass meeting at Sherbrooke, Quebec. His enemies had gathered en masse at the back of the hall and tried to drown his speech. Suddenly he grabbed a chair and jumping from the platform started down the aisle. The peaceful members of the audience were at a loss to know whether he was going to use the chair as a weapon and drive out the disturbers. Suddenly he planted his chair in the midst of the mob, and mounting it announced that he would talk to them. He flailed it out for a few minutes and soon had them in a boisterously friendly mood. Then he went back to the platform and finished his oration. This smacks of the revivalist methods of the Rev. "Billy" Sunday, and it proved equally effective. It typifies his most notable characteristics—his impulsiveness, his magnetism, and his indifference to consequences.

Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the noted financier, has received the title of countess from Pope Pius X. in recognition of her numerous benefactions. She is said to give away a million dollars a year in a practical and systematic manner, maintaining an office and a corps of clerks, who attend to the details of distribution. She has built one cathedral, five churches, numerous chapels, and two hospitals, and endowed rooms in several hospitals.



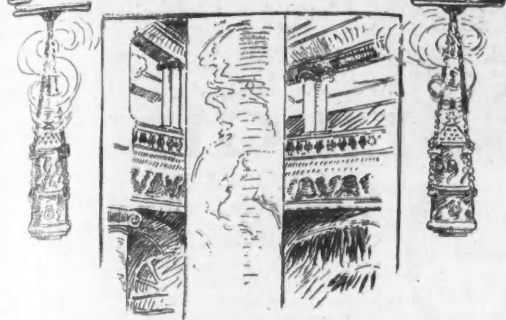
WHEN I f... card, w... longer a wor... Gaberlunzie, I... of those magr... great marble... superb propor... make it quite... of lord mayo... bells ringing... ronto." But... they wouldn't... to be a lord... I don't think... course, the b... aldermanic k... But the Tins... either. Ther... ought at leas... household wo...

I once ve... was a bold t... lards, and in... "That shot w... why, in his r... than of him... The first... Mayor of T... Personally, I... nice large... No, not tha... street for th... been younge... sooner, it is... I have never... idea of the... worse than... places in T... street, with... and the Kin... the King's L... But I mu... if it's only... money. Firs... Of course, I... I haven't b... in the King... can general... about his v... his mouth is... and his nos... a sort of... I often thin... buildings" a... bellfollows... ever eaten... strange be... strange be... who had—... but that was... was a very... dings. But... been called... means a ge... When I ro... but I wou... The ni... evening, M... boys—"Mu... echoing th... hand plays... an occasio... I like to t... say, in th... "I wish to... evening c... delightful... go to one... haps a lo... ricer still... would be... for me, a... the baby... I liked... close tog... English. I... I think t... to make... sort there... and the l... ettes wor... somehow... Sea. I s... dirty du... growing...

WIL... of Glas... entered... in the E... time, he... mathem... was aw... was sai... Wrangl... subaqu... place a...



# POVERTY



WHEN I feel about as poor and cheap as a thin post card, when I feel that the lack of baubles is no longer a worry, when I feel, in short, like a pair auld Gaherlunzie, I go to the King's Palace and sit down in one of those magnificent arm-chairs and dream of riches. The great marble columns, with their gilded capitals; the superb proportions of the whole place; the busy hum of conversation, which, you feel sure, is only about dollars, make it quite easy to think of great riches. I often think of lord mayors and things of that sort. I try to imagine bells ringing "Turn again, Tin, thrice Lord Mayor of Toronto." But there are no bells, and if there were, I know they wouldn't ring just like that. It must be very nice to be a lord mayor, and still nicer to be a belted knight. I don't think I should mind so much about the belt. Of course, the belt must be very necessary in the case of an aldermanic knight. Indeed, the corporation demands it. But the Tins have never been belted knights nor aldermen either. There was once a great soldier in our family who ought at least to have been knighted. His name is still a household word. Everybody knows of the Tin Soldier.

I once ventured on a feeble joke with an alderman—it was a bold thing to do. The alderman was playing billiards, and in playing a fine shot played it too fine. I said: "That shot was not like you, Mr. Alderman." He asked why, in his rich husky voice, that was more of turtle soup than of him. I replied: "Because it was too thin."

The first thing I should do if I were elected Lord Mayor of Toronto, would be to attend to Yonge street. Personally, I like Yonge street, principally because of that nice large store there. You know the one I mean? No, not that one, the other. A stranger seeing Yonge street for the first time would never believe it ever had been young. Even when you have only had tea with your supper, it is surprising how Yonge street gets in your way. I have never been to the Rockies, but Yonge street is my idea of the Rockies. The Rockies can't be very much worse than Yonge street after all. There are only two places in Toronto which I think of continually—Yonge street, with regret—with the exception of that nice store—and the King's Palace, with delight. Let us go back to the King's Palace then.

But I must say something about the Yonge street cars, if it's only to admire the cute way they have of making money. Five cents a strap on a street car is a cute thing. Of course, I never use them. I haven't the cents—I mean I haven't the sense. I like to watch the men of dollars—in the King's Palace, of course, not in street cars. You can generally spot a man of dollars. There is a crispness about his voice, something like the voice of a bank note; his mouth is more like a ten dollar bill than anything else, and his nose always seems to leave off with a disadvantage—a sort of nose that would be "vantage out" in tennis. I often think of those proverbs: "Hungry dogs eat dirty puddings" and "Poverty makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows," and I wonder if any of these dollar men have ever eaten dirty puddings, and whether they have ever had strange bedfellows. Personally, I have never had a strange bedfellow, though I once knew a very rich man who had—there were a great many of them he told me—but that was in France. When I was at sea, I'm afraid I was a very hungry sea dog and eat numbers of dirty puddings. But that was the cook's fault. He might have been called "a gentleman of color," only he wasn't by any means a gentleman—but the black was there all the time. When I remember that dirty "duff" and the "salt horse"—but I would rather not remember the "salt horse."

The nicest time to sit in the King's Palace is in the evening. I like to hear names called out by throaty voiced boys—"Mr. Brown," "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Robinson," go echoing through the vast galleries, while the de'icious band plays sweet music, the lights shine, and one catches an occasional flash of a lift going up into hidden heights. I like to think that some day I shall go to the desk and say, in that exalted tone men seem to use at such times: "I wish to register." Then I would go and put on nice evening clothes and come down and dine in one of the delightful dining-rooms. Afterwards it would be nice to go to one of those beautiful little balconies and find perhaps a lovely lady sitting there—perhaps with a baby—nicer still, an extra nice ladylike body by herself. There would be coffee and something soothing like benedictine for me, and milk and something soothing like candies for the baby. Then there would be cigarettes in case one of us liked to smoke. Our chairs would have to be rather close together, because babies always prefer to talk broken English. I don't know how it is, but it's a habit of theirs. I think that would be a most perfect evening. Of course, to make a really perfect evening without a flaw of any sort there would have to be one lady. And then the baby and the band and the King's Palace and even the cigarettes wouldn't matter. But then she lives on a small island somewhere between the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea. I shall have to run away to sea again and face the dirty duff and the other thing once more. Now I am growing sentimental, and so it's time to leave off.

T. TIN.

## LORD KELVIN

By An Old Student

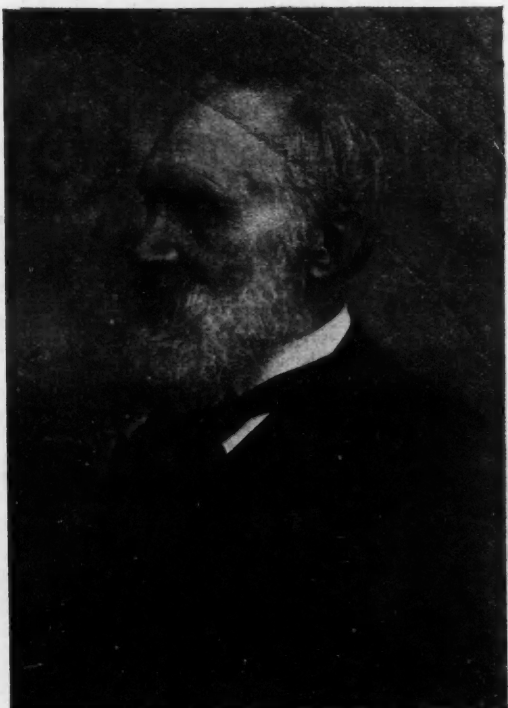
TORONTO, DEC. 20.

WILLIAM THOMSON was perhaps the youngest student that ever matriculated at the University of Glasgow; when only a little over ten years of age he entered the arts curriculum in the old college buildings in the High Street. He took no degree, however, at that time, but in 1841 proceeded to Cambridge—the home of mathematics—where he entered St. Peter's College and was awarded the second wranglership in 1845, though it was said of him by a university examiner that the Senior Wrangler "was not fit to cut pencils for Thomson." At a subsequent Smith's Prize examination he obtained first place and was the same year elected a fellow of his col-

lege. Nor did Thomson neglect athletics, for he became a rowing man, while art and music also claimed his attention. Proceeding in 1846 to Glasgow, where he had been appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at the early age of 22, he advocated strongly the introduction of laboratory work into the curricula of the university, one of the greatest advances that has been made in the methods of education for centuries. It is interesting in this connection to note that the first chemical laboratory for students in the United Kingdom was that of Glasgow. For fifty-three years he occupied his chair in Glasgow and I well remember, on the occasion of an address to students in 1891 his saying "I have been a student of Glasgow University for fifty-five years to-day, and I hope to continue a student of the University as long as I live." It is not intended to dwell here on his public career, which is well known, nor on the honors which came to him from the crown, from governments, learned societies and universities too numerous to mention. His personal character and lighter side of his nature are not so universally appreciated. To those brought intimately into contact with him he was a genial and kind-hearted gentleman, always interested in any student who evinced an interest in the subject which he taught. Not that the ordinary mind could obtain any systematic knowledge from his lectures, for he had a way of drifting from the subject on hand and taking up most of the hour with a dissertation on everything under the sun—or even in it! But what a wonderful lot of miscellaneous information one did obtain and which one never forgot!

Sir William was always on very friendly terms with his blackboard; he used to hold long conversations with it, evidently forgetting the presence of his two hundred students, especially when working out the theory of eclipses or of double convex lenses! He sometimes even got mad at it and would wipe out hieroglyphics and begin again. On one occasion, after covering the board completely with formulae—which had become quite unintelligible to the class about the second line—he turned round triumphantly, with, "Now gentlemen, what does all this mean?" He only smiled pleasantly when a hollow voice from the back seat muttered, "God only knows!"

The great mind was often incapable of adding figures rapidly on the board and used to refer to his lecture assistant for such information as how much five and eight came to. Quite two-thirds of the class consisted of men who could not follow him; great was the demand for seats at the back where it was pleasantly dark, being close up to a gallery near the roof. There one was secure and could indulge in the morning's newspaper, or in a quiet game of "nap" without fear of discovery. Once a year, only, did these occupants of the "Gods" waken up to their privileges, and that was on the occasion of the ballistic pendulum experiment when Sir William unearthed an ancient and frightsome looking weapon of the blunderbuss



THE LATE LORD KELVIN.

order, and after seeing it loaded with powder and a leaden bullet the size of a small walnut, discharge it at the bob of the pendulum! He sometimes held it for a considerable time, explaining what the effect of the coming shot would be, usually talking over his shoulder with the muzzle pointing to the pendulum. But on one occasion he inadvertently turned fully round, and, at the sight of that yawning muzzle, with one accord the class dropped under the friendly shelter of the benches.

Professor Thomson had an assistant called Day, at one time. During the session it was intimated to the scientist that the Queen desired to confer on him the honor of knighthood. On his return from London where he had been to receive his new honor, he found on the blackboard on entering his class the sentence: "Work while it is Day for the Knight cometh when no man can work!"

His ability to reason by millions and to grasp the significance of figures that would convey no meaning to other people was curiously exemplified at a meeting of a literary society, where Sir William was delivering a popular lecture on astronomy. Simply revelling in millions of miles the learned professor placed before his audience numerous facts and speculations regarding the universe, and in replying to the vote of thanks tendered him for his address asked leave to make a slight correction; he had stated such and such a distance was a million, million, million miles; he wished to state that he should have said a million, million, million, million miles—and sat down with a pleased smile! Not only could he reckon in these vast numbers, but he was able to carry in his mind a train of thought and to take up the thread again immediately, even after a lengthy interruption. The writer once called on his lordship about some university matters and found him seated with a complicated model of brass wires and threads in his hand, dictating to his secretary an article on the dynamics of a particle. The business concluded, the writer took his leave, and before the door was closed behind him heard the familiar voice of his old professor continuing the sentence his entrance had interrupted.

When raised to the peerage in 1892, Sir William chose as his title the name of the river, famed in Scottish song and story—which flows through the park at the foot of Gilmohrhill on which the new pile of university buildings

stands—the Kelvin. A congratulatory banquet was tendered the new peer at which his lordship took his listeners back to the old days of the original university buildings in the High Street and Vennel, "not far from the comforts of the Saltmarket," to the old College Green, with the ideal memories of Osbaldistone, Rob Roy and Rashleigh, created for it by Sir Walter Scott, and characterized the old natural philosophy class room and apparatus room as "an earthly paradise to his youthful mind." He recalled his falling into the Molendinar Burn—now covered in—as a boy, and how the friend of his youth, son of Sir Daniel Sandford, the Professor of Greek, and afterwards Lord Sandford, used to pull him out—he doing the same for the future Under Secretary of Scotland in turn. He also described the difficulties met with and overcome in laying the Atlantic cable.

His speeches were at all times interesting, instructive, full of humor, and delivered with the energy and spirit of a young man. He delighted in bringing in amusing references to scientific subjects and terms, and in speaking at his jubilee celebrations in 1896 referred to an address received from a class of professors to whom he had lectured in Baltimore in 1884, as having been received from his twenty Baltimore coefficients. "The term coefficients," he said, "is abused by mathematicians; they use it as one of the two factors of the result. To me the professor and his class of students are coefficients, fellow-workers, each contributing to whatever can possibly be done by their daily meetings together. I dislike the term lecture applied here. I prefer the French expression conference."

Lord Kelvin's ideals can be gathered from his acts and what he has left behind him, but they can also be gathered from his speeches. His definition of "a treasure of which no words can adequately describe the value," was "goodwill, kindness, friendship, sympathy, encouragement for more work." His ideal of happiness was "to live among friends." How much he appreciated this ideal can be seen when one remembers that on resigning his chair in the university he petitioned the Senate to allow him to register as a research student and have the privileges of working in the laboratory among his friends! And he did it.

Kelvin's mariner's compass and deep-sea sounding machine are too well known to be more than referred to here. He had a great love for the sea and spent a great portion of his time on board his schooner yacht the old Lallah Rookh. Once, when cruising on Loch Tyne with a party of ladies among his guests and seeing on the shore near the water's edge a flock of sea birds, he ordered the steersman to carry-on as far inshore as possible, and taking his guests forward endeavored to make the birds rise and fly away to display their plumage with shouts and calls. A stranded coal boat—called a "gabhart"—was lying high and dry at low water close by, with a typical shell-back's head and shoulders appearing above the hatchway. His lordship's party were somewhat surprised to hear an answering shout from the blackness of the coal barge: "Too-hoo, too-hoo yersel's, ye eediot, did ye never see a gabhart agur'n afore!" If the writer's recollection serves him right the baronial schooner went ashore also on that occasion in the steersman's desire to bring the ladies close to the objects of their admiration!

Lord Kelvin led a strenuous life of unwearied industry, of universal honor, and possessed a lovable nature that charmed and attracted all with whom he came in contact. Well did Professor Huxley say of him, when he introduced him as his successor to the presidency of the British Association: "Gentler knight never broke lance."

### SOME OTHER STORIES OF LORD KELVIN

FROM another contributor, who writes from Montreal. SATURDAY NIGHT has received the following additional reminiscences and anecdotes of the great scientist:

One of the late Lord Kelvin's most attractive traits was his extreme simplicity and warm regard for those connected with him. Anything that interested him must surely interest the home circle. Naturally rather awkward situations occasionally arose, as the following story shows:

Meeting one day in the university quadrangle at Glasgow a former student who had just returned from South Africa, Lord Kelvin was so interested in what he heard that, forgetting his students, to whose class room he was proceeding, he insisted on taking his informant across the quadrangle to his house at once, in order that his wife might also hear the interesting news, which, needless to say, was of a purely technical character. Bursting into the drawing-room, which happened to be full of callers, Lord Kelvin without prelude began: "My dear, this is Mr. X—, who has just returned from South Africa, where he has been studying such and such." Here followed a list of the phenomena that had excited the professor's interest. Then, suddenly remembering his waiting class, he wheeled around and abruptly left the room, leaving the embarrassed Mr. X—, a stranger to Lady Kelvin and her visitors alike, in a position more easily imagined than described.

### When Kelvin Took Second Place.

BUT though this simplicity, which added charm to his manner, was characteristic of the late peer, Lord Kelvin was by no means unaware of his brilliant talents, even in his earliest days.

It is related that when a student at Cambridge he had so little doubt of the result of his examinations that when the "finals" were posted he did not take the trouble to await the result. Accosting a friend a short time after the list was up, with the egotistical question, "Who's second?" he was much surprised at the reply, "Who are you?"—so sure was he that he had beaten all his competitors.

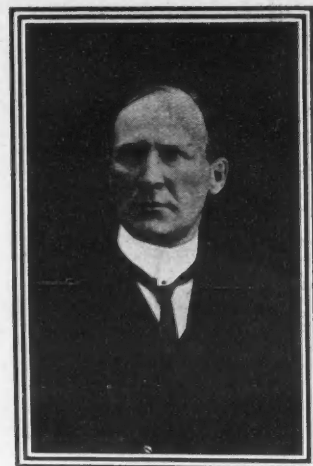
It was, however, a fact. He did not succeed in becoming senior wrangler of his year, but had to be content with second place.

### A Practical Scientist.

LORD KELVIN proved an exception to the rule that a genius remains a poor man, for his fortune has been reckoned at a conservative estimate at over \$5,000,000. His thorough grasp of the practical value of his scientific discoveries was the secret of his success, and no article was too homely for his scientific attention. For example: In the hall of the house he occupied in Glasgow University, when Professor of Natural Philosophy, he attached a thermometer to the draught of a gas stove in such a way that when the mercury rose above a fixed mean temperature it would open the draught and reduce the heat, and vice versa. This he did on hearing one day of the difficulty of keeping the hall at a regular temperature.

### A Who's Who Out West

NELSON D. MILLS, who has just been re-elected mayor of the city of Strathcona by a large majority, is a lawyer by profession and a man of decided views by temperament. A year ago Mr. Mills was elected mayor of Strathcona on a single-tax platform, and one of his first tasks was to change the system of taxation. Mr. Mills, in the language of the street, "scrapped" his scheme through the council, and today Strathcona, like Edmonton, is a modified single-tax city. The system has worked well in both cities. Its peculiar efficiency in the West lies in the tendency of a single tax on land to discourage speculation in vacant lots. Perhaps this is the reason these two cities are at the present time weathering the financial crisis so well.



NELSON D. MILLS, Mayor of Strathcona.

Mr. Mills was born in 1862, in the township of Mersea, Essex county, Ontario. He was matriculated from St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, and entered Toronto University. He then studied law at Osgoode, and was called to the bar before Sir Thomas Galt in September, 1891. He practiced law in Toronto until 1897, when he came West to Strathcona.

In the West he has been a prominent figure in politics, and was also Grand Master of the Orange Lodge for Alberta in 1905. Mr. Mills' administration of Strathcona has been most progressive. He has further won his laurels at the bar, and his elevation to the bench would not be unexpected to those who have followed his career.

### Kelvin's Exercises and His Lameness.

IN his earlier years Lord Kelvin derived keen pleasure from outdoor exercise, which his lameness prohibited for the great portion of his life. Horse exercise and curling were his favorite pursuits, and it was his custom for some time to ride in to his lecture every morning at the university from Thornliebank, some seven miles distant, returning on horseback in the afternoon when his work was over.

A keen curler, too, it was at Largs, in Ayrshire, Lord Kelvin's country home for over half a century, that he met with the accident on the rink which permanently lamed him. He slipped and fell on the ice one day, fracturing his leg, and instead of sending up to Glasgow for the professor of surgery or some other specialist, he allowed the local general practitioner to perform the operation, with the result that, when the bones knitted one leg was considerably shorter than the other, causing him to walk from that time onward with a pronounced limp and preventing him to a considerable extent in the future from taking part in the out-of-doors recreations congenial to him.

### His Vagaries as a Lecturer.

DESPITE his wonderful attainments, his lordship, as a professor, was an impossible lecturer. His class, natural philosophy, at Glasgow University, was always in more or less of an uproar. The students might, for a short time, understand what their professor said; but what could they make of a lecturer who, when a formula escaped his memory, promptly made up a fresh one?

In the usual course of events his class amused themselves as best they could during the hour of his lecture, seizing upon the least pretext to turn a rather somnolent assembly into a veritable bear garden—a state of affairs that the professor was quite unable to cope with. His very lameness even was turned to account. When excited it was his custom to tramp up and down the floor, and his limp, always accentuated when under excitement, was invariably punctuated by the stamping of the class, who kept time with his uneven tread. In the usual course of events, the days on which the assistants lectured were looked upon as occasions for the class to learn something which would be necessary in the degree examination at the end of the session.

### The Noisy Students Were Proud of Him.

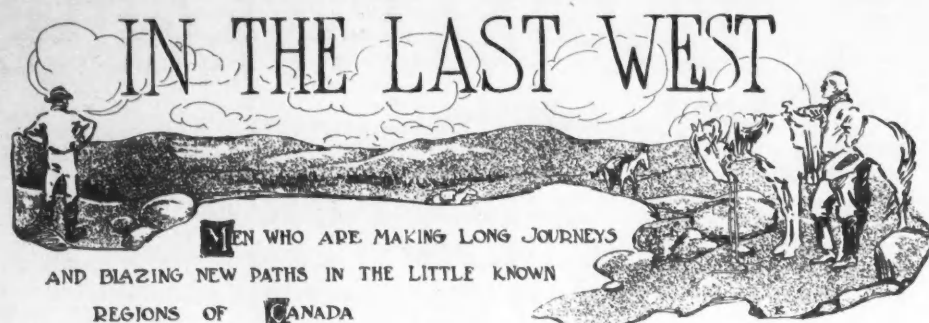
CERTAIN of the professor's lectures were always looked forward to as giving scope for the more noisy members of the class to carry out special demonstrations. The spinning of the gyrostad, Lord Kelvin's modification of the gyroscope, used to illustrate the dynamics of rotating rigid bodies, was always a welcome special favorite. On the day of the lecture the class would swell to an alarming extent. All sat in breathless stillness while the professor and his assistants set the gyrostad in motion. No sooner had it started than tops—peg tops, humming tops, peeries (sic), in fact all manner of tops started buzzing to the delight of the assembled students, each of whom had carefully provided himself with some one or other of the top species.

Another occasion which was always seized hold of was when a gun was discharged in the class room to demonstrate one of the professor's theories of antic which the ingenuity of youth could devise. He always displayed a good humored front when the same time-honored jokes were perpetrated, appearing, indeed, quite surprised at the demonstration these special experiments annually called forth.

Although the behavior of his class was a by-word, the students had a lively pride and a warm regard for their illustrious professor, and, while, by reason of their affection, they considered themselves privileged, it behooved all others to treat him with the greatest respect due to the greatest scientist of the age. Indeed, the whole body of undergraduates had a lively contempt for the scientific attainments of sister universities, and were accustomed to describe in a pitying tone how, when prosecuting original research they were discovering what Kelvin had patented ten years before.

The fighting strength of the United States fleet of sixteen battleships which has sailed for the Pacific is as follows, the figures representing the number of each ship's guns and men, respectively: The Connecticut, 24, 881; the Kansas, 24, 850; the Louisiana, 24, 881; the Vermont, 24, 881; the Virginia, 24, 812; the Georgia, 24, 812; the New Jersey, 24, 812; the Rhode Island, 24, 812; the Alabama, 18, 713; the Illinois, 22, 690; the Kearsarge, 22, 690; the Kentucky, 22, 686; the Ohio, 20, 800; the Maine, 20, 813; the Minnesota, 24, 881; the Missouri, 20, 779. The total tonnage of the battleships is estimated at 223,836.





MR. MONTAGUE ALDOUS, C. E. T.S., D.L.S., of Winnipeg, has resigned his position of chief of the land department of the Hudson's Bay Company, a position he has held for eighteen years. Altogether he has given the Hudson's Bay Company uninterrupted service for twenty-five years.

There are few men, as the Winnipeg Free Press points out, who have such an intimate knowledge of the prairie regions of Western Canada as Mr. Aldous. For many years prior to joining the service of the great commercial company he had been engaged on very important surveys for the Dominion Government which necessitated his traversing the entire region from the Red river to the Rocky mountains, an experience that eminently fitted him for the responsible duties of the Hudson's Bay Company's land office. He went to Winnipeg in 1874, commissioned by the government to conduct a trigonometrical survey under Lindsay Russell, then surveyor-general of Canada, this being the only way at the time of determining the meridians. By this method the second principal meridian was established, and Mr. Aldous was the first to run it both north and south from the international boundary to Swan river, where the seat of the Northwest Government was at that time located. Having served his apprenticeship with Mr. Russell, Mr. Aldous obtained his commission as a topographical surveyor in 1877 and was then placed in charge of the western section of the government surveys. In 1878 he was instructed to make the first survey of the Prince Albert, St. Laurent and Batoche settlements. In 1879 he continued the base lines and meridians from Eagle lake to Fort Pitt, and in the fall of 1879 established the fifth principal meridian west of Edmonton.

At that time it took six weeks to make the journey from Winnipeg to Edmonton. Mr. Aldous and his party of men spent the winter under canvas, and though the temperature was frequently very low they managed to live with comparatively little discomfort. In the spring of 1880 Mr. Aldous ran the fifth meridian through to the international boundary from Edmonton. In that year there was not a single house between Edmonton and Calgary, except an Indian farm house at the Peace Hill reserve. At Calgary there were only two stores, those of the Hudson's Bay Company and L. G. Baker & Co., one located on either side of the Bow river. The place was then known as the Old Bow Fort. The only other sign of civilized habitation from Calgary to the boundary was L. G. Baker & Co.'s trading post at Fort Macleod. In the summer of 1881 ranchers began to find their way into southern Alberta from across the line and Mr. Aldous was commissioned to block out a large section of the country into townships so that they could take up land holdings with fixed boundaries.

In the fall of 1881 Mr. Aldous returned to Ottawa where he was offered the position of chief inspector of surveys, but having met Mr. Brivages, land commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company and being possessed of a desire to return west he accepted the latter's offer to take charge of the company's surveys. It is interesting to note that one of the first duties he had to perform for the company was to lay out the townsite of Prince Albert, where nearly twenty years before he had surveyed the old farm settlement for the government. He also laid out the first townsite of Edmonton.

Mr. Aldous is a native of Prince Edward Island, where he was born in 1850. He was educated at the old Prince of Wales College and the famous Bowdoin College of Brunswick, Maine. At the last named institution he studied engineering and graduated under Prof. Boss, who was one of the most distinguished engineers of his day. Mr. Aldous never followed engineering, having taken up land and topographical surveying instead.

FOR the first time in over three years the upper reaches of the Klondike are to be inspected by an officer representing the territorial crown and timber agent. William Povah will leave Dawson shortly in company with John Lennon on a

cruise that will take the greater part of two weeks and necessitate travelling over a more or less trackless wilderness for several hundred miles.

Under the regulations, anyone owning a timber lease if caught cutting wood outside his boundaries will be subject to forfeiture and the seizure of the wood. The bulk of the fuel used in Dawson for the past several years has come from the Upper Klondike and it is feared the hills and most accessible tracts of timber are becoming pretty well denuded.

Another matter of scarce less consequence that is to be examined and reported upon are the applications for some half dozen homesteads that have been made in the vicinity of the mouth of Flat creek. The land in each instance was applied for some months ago, but before such can be accepted it is necessary that the ground described should be inspected, where such has never been surveyed, lest one application should conflict with another.

Homesteaders, it is explained, acquire only the surface rights, and in the event of mineral being discovered on their lands they can be forced to vacate, subject, however, to being adequately compensated for the loss sustained, such being determined by a board of arbitration. The last time a man from the timber office visited that section was in 1904.

AN expedition of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is to be despatched from Dawson for Fort Macpherson and Herschel Island on the Arctic Ocean, at the mouth of the Mackenzie river, within a week or two.

Preparations are being made at the Dawson barracks of the police under the direction of Major Z. T. Wood and Captain Wroughton for the despatch of the expedition in good time. The trails usually are not suitable for travelling until the last of December and the expedition then usually has to keep moving when going and coming in order that it does not linger until the spring thaws begin to ruin the snow and the ice on the rivers.

The personnel of the expedition has not been fixed. Two members of the police force will be selected to head the party, and one of them will be in charge. Three or four other men probably will go to assist them, and among the party likely will be Forest, the redoubtable "musher," who was a member of the police and had charge of the expedition to Macpherson and return last year. If he goes this time it will be as trail guide. Forest last year surprised everyone by making the record run to Macpherson and return. He got back much earlier than expected. He took a route lying up the Twelvemile, thence over the divide to the Wind and the Peel. The course was through an unbroken waste of snow the entire distance after leaving the Guggenheim power camps, fifty miles north-east of Dawson. The party ran low on supplies, but got fresh game along the route, and pulled through none the worse, and all feeling like fighting machines at the finish.

MAJOR D. M. HOWARD, a Royal Northwest Mounted Police officer, who has just been relieved of his command of the most northerly detachment of the corps, and who, for the past two years and a half has been in charge of the most northerly customs post, post office and judiciary district in the world, recently arrived in Montreal direct from the wilds of the far North Land. Major Howard has been eagerly interviewed at the Windsor, and, although reticent on subjects of an official nature, has many stories to tell of his personal experience and observations.

Major Howard's headquarters were at Herschel Island in the Arctic Ocean, where, with a sergeant and a constable of the police, he kept an eye on the American whalers who come around Point Barrow from Seattle and San Francisco to whale and trade. It has been alleged in past years that these whalers had been doing an enormous traffic in liquor with the Esquimaux, and had traded thousands of dollars worth of goods in Canadian territory without paying any duty. Major Howard and his detachment collected duty from all the ships, thereby increasing the revenue of the country to an appreciable extent, and warned the captains of the different vessels that any traffic in liquor would be vigorously prosecuted.

The work was found to be most difficult, owing to the fact that the police had no means of building decent quarters, while it was almost impossible to hold prisoners without a guard room. The liquor traffic was effectively stamped out, however, and the presence of the police had a most beneficial effect upon the whalers, many of whom are of the worst type of humanity, and upon the natives, who have run wild in licentiousness and bloodshed, without the least restraint.

Major Howard brings word from Sergeant Fitzgerald, who has been on Herschel Island detachment for the past six years. The Arctic life seems to agree with him, for he is happy and healthy and fast turning into an Esquimaux in language and dress.

Sergeant Fitzgerald is well-known in Montreal as a member of the second Canadian contingent to South Africa, and as the man who, with Major Moody and a party of Mounted Police, distinguished himself by being the first to arrive in Dawson overland from Edmonton at the time of the great Klondike rush.

E. LINDEMAN, the Swedish expert, who at the request of the Dominion Government, has been examining the iron deposits of Vancouver Island, reports, from Victoria, to this effect:

"So far as can be judged from the very limited amount of development work done, there are ample deposits of iron ore on the coast to warrant the establishment of an iron and steel industry, provided the market is assured."

Mr. Lindeman's mission is the result of the agitation which had been carried on for a long time by the press and the boards of trade of British Columbia, asking for information as to the extent of the iron deposits on Vancouver Island and adjacent islands. Finally the government sent out Mr. Lindeman with instructions to ascertain as far as he could within the limits of a season if iron ore did exist in commercial quantities in those sections. Mr. Lindeman's answer is that it does.

A BUSINESS man of Vancouver. Mr. Robert Kelly, who recently spent some time in Prince Rupert, is enthusiastic in describing the new railway terminal.

"It was my first visit to Prince Rupert," he says. "Some years ago I was at Port Simpson, but not near this wonderful land of promise in and about the terminal of the G. T. P. It far exceeded my greatest expectations."

"At present, as is well known, we have a retail store there. But it is not our intention to do business long on that scale. Just as soon as conditions warrant it we will have a wholesale house there, and the way the place is bounding ahead that will come before many months."

Mr. Kelly estimated the population of Prince Rupert, even in this season, at 600. He was equally amazed at the growth and prosperity of the ports en route.

WHAT the world has learned to understand by the word settlement first took place in Manitoba by the coming of those whom it has been customary to term the Selkirk settlers and who finally after difficulties and dangers settled close to the borders of the present site of the city of Winnipeg, in what they called the Parish of Kildonan, after a district of the same name in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, whence many of the more prominent had come.

The story of the first settlement in Western Canada, its inception and the trials, difficulties and dangers undergone by the small but gallant bands which ultimately founded a colony on whose borders has arisen a city of metropolitan importance, have consequently (says the Winnipeg Telegram) much to do with the beginning of Manitoba. As much possibly as to natural advantages and situations, as much as to its selection primarily at the confluence of two great navigable rivers by the great fur-trading companies the city of

Winnipeg owes its continuance as a point of settlement and trade to the arrival of the Selkirk settlers. The planting of the Selkirk colony on the Red river was the beginning of agricultural settlement in Manitoba and Western Canada, and provided the nucleus from which Winnipeg was evolved.

The dream of an altruist and the hope of a far-seeing political economist, it was nearly two-thirds of a century before the dream and the hope seemed capable of realization to the man of ordinary foresight.

These important pioneer efforts of settlement of a people who, through themselves and their descendants, have been material factors in the history and progress of Western Canada and the city of Winnipeg, may be tabulated as follows:

In 1812, the first body arrived—72 people.

In 1813, the second body, 15 or 20 people.

In 1814, the third body, about 93 people.

In 1815, the fourth body, about 100 people.

Those who went to Canada in 1814 140 people.

Leaving permanent settlers obtained from all the original expeditions, 130 people.

To these may be added a few Irish settlers, who formed a small part of what came to be known as the Kildonan settlement.

AUTOMOBILISTS in New York are manifesting great interest in the proposed 15,000 mile motor car trip from New York to Paris, arranged by a leading Paris newspaper. While, on the face of it, the project looks like an impossibility, experts declare that it is feasible. The worst parts of the trip have already been conquered in the Pekin to Paris race, in which three automobiles successfully negotiated the perils of the parched Siberian deserts, the apparently impassable hills and mountains and the savage natives. The only part of the proposed route which at present is causing worry is the rough country between Vancouver, B. C., and Skagway, Alaska. With this portion of the journey traversed, it is believed that the rest of the hazardous trip would be comparatively easy. While the autos would probably cross Behring strait by boat, it is possible that they might be able to do so on the ice.

Despite the known perils and difficulties to be encountered, preparations for the race are now going forward, and it is likely that within a year the great trip will have begun. According to present plans, the start will be from New York, the route leading thence to Chicago. From the Windy City the motorists will face northward to Canada, following the lines of the Canadian Pacific railroad across Western Canada to Vancouver, B. C. Thence the racers will go to Alaska, crossing the Behring Straits, and thence through Siberia to Moscow. From this point the Pekin-Paris route followed, passing through Berlin. It is possible, however, that a change of route may be made, causing the contestants to cross the continent to San Francisco thence going northward to Vancouver and Alaska.

According to Canadian authorities, the most feasible route to Behring Strait would be from Regina, Saskatchewan, to Fort Saskatchewan, proceeding thence over the new Yukon route to Dawson. This road, it is stated, is thoroughly capable of being negotiated by automobiles. It is the regular postroad of the Northwest Mounted Police. From Dawson the best route is said to lie direct west to Nome, through United States territory.

BY a happy coincidence, the unveiling of a memorial statue to Queen Victoria, at Leith, Scotland, fell on the day of the publication of the first volumes of her letters. Lord Rosebery made the address at the unveiling, and although he did not allude to the letters, his oration was precisely in the spirit of them. They reveal a simple, earnest, womanly nature, with no hint of the intrigue and jealousy and self-seeking which so commonly hedge a throne.

The queen's devotion to the duties of every day, as her letters reveal it, her rigid impartiality when she was called upon to deal with men some of whom she disliked as much as she liked others, her gentle firmness when her ministers tried to ignore her, and her insistence that she would not delegate her actual responsibility to any other hand—these are the traits of a good mother quite as much as those of a great queen. Lord Rosebery dwelt upon her womanliness and its unreckoned powers for good. Speaking of the day when, as a mere girl, she came to the throne, he said, "Queen Victoria was then, as it were, the child, the darling of the people,

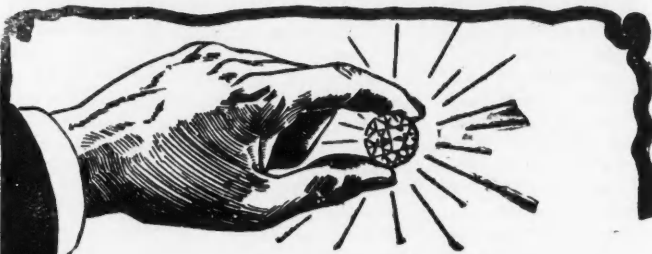
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and she lived to become their venerated mother."

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"There's wan thing," said Cassidy, "in the restaurant, that's always puzzling me." "Only wan thing?" piped Casey sarcastically, "an' wat's that?" "Is turtle soup fish whin it's made out o' veal?"—New York Globe.



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## Synopsis of Canadian North-west

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Subagency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.
- (3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).
- (4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowance crossed in the measurement.
- (5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.
- (6) Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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"My father once had his picture taken." "So did mine," but it took four cops to hold him."—Brooklyn Life.

## Lady Gay's Column

TWO "Christmas Numbers" have reached me to-day, one from St. John's, Newfoundland, the other from Vancouver, B. C.; the first full of old-time stories, pottering articles about nomenclature, pictures of century old places, the other thrilling with nervous energy, filled with inspiration, motion, progress, a great outlook, a future! The Christmas bells ring equally sweet and true in both, from the furthest point east to the last western land, the harmony of their message coaxes along. But the tone is different—from the far east are aged voices, saying, as one says: "God be with the good old times;" from the west, vibrant youth shouts: "God be with us to-day and to-morrow." The opposite edges of a continent, the opposite rims of thought, looking backward, bounding forward,—such are the two Christmas numbers I read to-day.

There is a coldness in the printed wishes and names of one's friends, which is the fashion in Christmas and New Year cards this season. The more one has to do with printing the more one prizes the written word. It comes between the printed and the personal greeting, but is somewhat a gift from whoever sends it. We have become too busy to write letters, we 'phone or wire, too hunted by unprofitable rushing about to indulge in the deliberate tea and talk that takes two hours to properly enjoy, too driven by much achievement even to write the heartsome greetings of this happy time, or to sign our names to greetings already printed. This is the extreme limit, the cold mechanical, chilly, printed Christmas greeting, with the signature printed, legibly, circumspectly, instead of scribbled, blotted, no-matter-how, but dear, as the real touch of a friend.

The house was small, dingy, bare, two rooms and a wee cook-house; the woman who tramped from cook-house to living room was thin, scantily clad, dull eyed and mournful mouthed. She was very young, had been sparkling and rather pretty a few moons ago, not many more than a dozen, when, carried off her feet by a passionate insistence of wooing, irresistible to one of her emotional and unbalanced nature, she had gone with a man of whom she knew but little, beyond the fact that he declared he could not live without her, and before a half-deaf and blind old clergyman had spoken the words that made her his. He did love her, and in her way she loved him, a careless, nonchalant way which somehow held him better than an answering passion. She feared him too, for his rage and resentment, like his love, were crude and forcible, and once or twice, when she had tricked him or lied to him, she had felt their quality. He had been patient with her experiments in cooking, her ill-judged buying, her taste for cheap finery and bedecking of herself. And she had in her own way tried to please him, yearning for praise, flattery, some recognition from without, such as shallow souls need, until they discover the joy of doing the best they can, for the sake of their own good progress, not for the approval of others. He did not praise, being busy suppressing his impulse to blame, wishing, as he would have put it, to give her a fair show. Then, motherhood overtook her, with all its work, worry, trouble and pain. She tried to shirk it, ignorant of criminality, afraid of his displeasure, doubtful of herself, but nature was too strong for her, and in its due time, the child came, and her soul awoke to meet it. Never was such a man-child born into this wicked world, so strong, so full of life, so good natured, so intelligent. She spent hours in Paradise, caring for, bathing, nursing, adorning him. The father also was proud and tender, but she could not bear to watch his big grasp of the infant, his impulsive squeezing of it until it reddened for lack of breath. She was always hovering at his elbow to snatch it if it cried out, and to shower upbraiding on him for his roughness. So, by and by, he felt it best to leave the child in its plain little cradle and to sleep away his evenings, weary with manual toil. No one knew what it cost him to walk with apparent indifference past the bed of his little boy, nor what sickening, jealous hunger gnawed him as the mother gathered the boy to her bosom and sat rocking him to sleep. He was rather a silent man those days, and she relied on him for being in bad humor, while he either turned his

back, or commanded silence with an oath which drove her to prolonged weeping. The boy grew, and naturally turned to his mother, since the father was careful not to attempt to demand his attention. A deep resentment was mastering him, a bitter feeling that he had lost status, was nothing in the lives of those two. Thus it was one Christmas week, when a chance remark of hers led to a blaze of wrath on his part, to recrimination on hers, to defiance and in the end she forgot the teaching of joyous maternity, the days she had spent in Paradise, everything but her hard work, her poor clothing, her small inconvenient house, her scant larder, every personal grievance with which poor folk must contend. "I was well enough off without either of you!" he snarled. "You can easily get rid of us any time," said she. "I can always get work enough to keep myself and baby, even if they don't take us in at home." "That's the cleverest idea you ever had in your life!" he growled. "I'll never stand in the way of it." Thus it was, that words spoken half in bravado, grew into serious things, and hidden forces were let loose that paled her face and reddened his. Inferno raged in the hearts of both, bitter words, sneers and threats gave vent to his fire. Suddenly, between his taunts and her desperate defiance, broke the clamor of the bells in a church near by, the jubilant noise of Christmas chimes. The little child, who had slept through the domestic discord, opened wide eyes at the less familiar sounds; she started to the cradle, he was at the other side in a flash, each looked across it at the other, one red, one pale, the bells clashed merrily through the morning air; the child's eyes brightened, he held up his arms. "Dad!" he cried, with the startling unexpectedness of a baby's first attempt at speech. Over the face of the man flashed a wondrous look, the angel in him awoke. "My son!" he said softly, "my little son!" and gently lifted the infant in his arms. Then, with the baby on his breast, he went slowly to the other side of the cradle. "Did you hear him?" he said to her, who stood panting, with clenched hands. "He called me!" and his other arm encircled her shaking shoulders and drew her to him, and she clung there, broken, convicted, ashamed! And the chimes burst out again, jubilant, glorious, and the child smiled mysteriously upon them both, who loved each other and would never forget it again!

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

The Spring Chicken.—May 19 brings you under Taurus, an earth sign, of which you are a good specimen. There is humor, adaptability, optimism, grace of thought and fancy, bright mental equipment and a self-reliant long-headed tone of thought shown in your writing. You have some sentiment, but your humor keeps it in good check. You are generally observant and nearly always (not invariably) careful of detail. The study is not particularly snappy or enterprising, but neither traits are Taurus ones; you are fairly cautious, but at times may easily be unwise in speech. A really good study.

Constance.—I have only your word for it that those two February persons you mention are diametrically opposed to each other. It may be that precisely the same bad traits have been allowed to develop in each of them. However, if you love them both devotedly, as you say, they are probably worthy of your affections. Scorpio and Aquarius are not supposed to be partners in the happiest union; Scorpio and Virgo can make a heaven on earth if fully spiritualized, and Scorpio and Pisces seem generally to be extra congenial. As you may be aware the latter are water signs, while February is of the air. I can quite understand Aquarius ruffling Scorpio to great unrest. Your self-control and discretion of speech should guard against a possible clash. Your naturally amiable and generous nature will help to oil the wheels, and a certain far-sighted, logical and persistent line of thought will make Aquarius look up to you. It is rather a pleasant study, frank, natural, practical and able. You

have business ability and a turn for detail and explicitness. Your handwriting has no marked sex. I fancy you look at many things from a man's standpoint, and prefer men to women as friends.

Niel.—This is a strong, magnetic and nervous person, with any amount of energy, logic, buoyancy and decision of mind. Writer is cultured, fastidious and choice in expression, practical, but inclined also to speculative thought, accustomed to power, proud, and probably fond of tradition, ancestry and position. There is no finesse but much cleverness suggested. A personality not likely to step aside from any purpose nor give up any plan. The mode of address was all right. I wish your example were more generally followed. 'Tis a woman, my jewel, and you interest her. Whatever you are, it will never be a nonentity!

Agatha.—You have lots of energy wasted in your life which might be usefully stored up for valuable effort. February 19 brings you under Aquarius, the most wasteful sign of the zodiac. You have business training and some ability, with a quiet and suave way leaning to sentiment. You like nice, harmonious and beautiful surroundings and have fairly good taste, though now and then a harsh line hints at crudeness. There is no real ambition confessed; I think you would prefer being loved to being famous; wise person if that be true! It isn't a strong, dominant or magnetic hand at all, but is probably not quite finally developed.

Maritana.—I found Yarmouth perfectly charming, Digby also, though I give it second place. Point de Chene, isn't that where we sailed from for Prince Edward Island? It is eleven years since I was there and I quite forget it. The air from Northumberland Straits is perfectly delicious. It averted a nervous breakdown for me in '96. I am thinking of Cape Breton, if I remain in Canada next summer. What's the matter with your health? No one should recommend a seaside place without knowing the condition of the person asking advice. Did you want a graphological study?

Marie.—It certainly is not a very pretty study and you will do well to try and put a little ginger and backbone into it. Somehow it makes me think of toothache and nervous headache, the way it looks now. If I told you all about it, I don't believe you would like it, so I shall wait until you've had that course. At the same time, it hasn't a mean line in it, only wavering, weak and unfinished one. Try a good round hand copy book.

Addie.—I wish I knew that place you live in! I've looked longingly in that direction for several summers. You shouldn't have used ruled paper, it spoils the freedom of any writing but the copperplate hand, and that's not worth studying. You have some good traits, a cheerful acceptance of things, generous and kindly nature, frankness (a little more caution would do no harm), and a good deal of quiet energy and enterprise. You are somewhat conservative, but also adaptable and you have ambition. December 11 brings you under Sagittarius, a fire sign, noted for its bluntness of speech and straightness of criticism. Sagittarius people are capable of splendid development and fine achievement.

W. D. M.—All I know about the yellow men is from the papers, and I rarely form an opinion upon anything but personal knowledge. My impression is rather favorable to the incomers, but I can easily realize how the inhabitants resent their numbers. As I had to say to "Addie" I am sorry you wrote on ruled paper. February 21 brings you under Pisces, a double water sign. This is a sign which can be gently led but when bullied develops great obstinacy. A Pisces man trained to methodical business habits makes an excellent accountant or bookkeeper. A deep religious feeling often marks this sign. Your writing shows much of the Pisces' generous and amiable nature, also the frank loquacity which makes a Pisces man or woman what is called "good company." You have a bright and observant mind and would probably enjoy an argument. There is a good deal of humanitarianism in your lines, kindly generous and optimistic, and you have desire to rise and force to attain your ambitions. It is an intelligent, sympathetic and at times enthusiastic study, one of Pisces' nicest developments.

Curious Corinne.—I fancy you are made of French chalk, eh? A clever little body and an Aries child, born on the last day of March (Aries rules from March 21 to April 19). There is in you a strong streak of pessimism, which you must always combat. You have the dominant touch, and would use power carefully. Detail is one of your strong points, and you have some imagination and plenty of vivacity. Your study is very feminine.

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PROBABLY no book dramatization of recent years has enjoyed more popularity than has attended "Brewster's Millions," which comes to the Princess Theatre the first week of the New Year direct from its four months' run at the Colonial Theatre, Chicago, and with the same company that assisted in winning fame and success for it during its run of upwards of a year in New York. The company is headed by Edward Abeles in the stellar role of "Monty" Brewster and Miss Mary Ryan as Margaret Grey.

The story of the play tells how Montgomery Brewster, who has inherited a million dollars from his grandfather, while being given a house-warming and surprise party by his friends, who shower congratulations upon him, is informed by a solicitor that his mother's brother, who has just died, has left him a fortune of \$7,000,000 on condition that he shall spend the first million within a year, the reason for the stipulation being that the young man's mother had been left in want by the grandfather, and the uncle does not wish her son to enjoy an inheritance derived from that source. The conditions are that he shall not give the million dollars away—that would be too simple; yet he is not to be mean. He must spend it in some legitimate way, by investing it in some business, or using it for his enjoyment and that of his friends. Above all, he must not disclose his purpose. He accepts the conditions, and his efforts to make himself penniless in so short a time makes up the fun that follows. Up to the last minute some complication or other threatens to defeat him, but his wit and dexterity extricate him from every emergency, and he finally succeeds in his hard task.

The company includes Emily Lytton, Rosalind Coghlan, Albert Sackett, Grace Arnold, Joseph Woodburn, George Clafe, Mabel Moore, Jack Devereaux, Amy Summers, Nestor Lennon, Willard Howe, Gaston Bell and twenty others.

For the New Year's week attraction the Royal Alexandra Players will present that charming old comedy, "The School for Scandal," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which has been so popular for a hundred years. When Sheridan wrote the play he did it for the purpose of lampooning the many slanderers who flourished in society at that time. It was produced at the Drury Lane Theatre on the 8th of May, 1777, and it became at once a great success. It ran until the end of the season, and was played for three months the following season, and since that time it has been in constant use.

The Royal Alexandra management intend making this the biggest production that has yet been given by their own company. A large number of extra people have been engaged, most of whom come from New York. The costumes will be provided by Miller, of Philadelphia, and have been prepared especially for this presentation.

The story in brief refers to two brothers, Charles and Joseph Surface, young gentlemen of quality, during the reign of George III. They are the expectant heirs of Sir Oliver Surface, a wealthy uncle who resides in India. The young men are of entirely different characters. Joseph is an insidious hypocrite, and Charles a lovable, careless chap. Their social associates are Sir Benjamin Backbite, Lady Sneerwell, Lady Teazle, Mrs. Candor, Mr. Snake, and Sir Peter Peazle. These are the characters which the author used to expose the slanderers of his time. Lady Sneerwell is in love with the gallant Charles. Charles is in love with Maria and so is Joseph. Lady Sneerwell and Joseph form a compact to help each other to win their respective sweethearts, and the weapon to be used is slander. Mr. Snake, an adept in this line, is retained to spy upon the daily life of Charles, and circulate anything about him worthy of the name of slander. While all this is going on Sir Oliver, the rich uncle, arrives from India, prepared to bestow his money on the better of his two nephews. General report praises the sleek Joseph, and condemns Charles, but Sir Oliver, who is very matter-of-fact, cares little for heresay, and decides to investigate for himself. He calls upon Joseph, pretending to be an impetuous member of the Surface family. This

meeting gives him an insight into Joseph's hypocritical character. He then, in company with the money lender, calls upon Charles and finds him holding high carnival with a number of roistering companions. Sir Oliver pretends that he wishes to buy the portraits of the ancestors of Charles. Charles is this time very hard up, and agrees to sell them, all except one, which happens to be a painting of Sir Oliver himself, and he gives as his excuse, that it is a picture of a good old uncle of his, and that he will never part with it, no matter what happens. Sir Oliver forms his opinion of his two nephews from the personal visits to them, leaves Charles his money, and all ends happily.

On Monday Mr. Edward Mackay will make his first appearance with



Mary Ryan  
As Peggy Gray in "Brewster's Millions," which comes to the Princess Theatre next week.

the Royal Alexandra Players, taking the part of Sir Charles Surface. Matinees will be given Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, with an extra matinee on New Year's Day.

The New Year's bill at Shea's Theatre will be one of the best Manager Shea can secure. The headliner for the week will be Salerno, the world's greatest juggler.

Other novelty acts to be seen are those by Helen Bertram, Willard Simms & Co., Jack Wilson & Co., Spissel Bros. & Mack, Shenk Bros., and Hawthorn & Burt. The kinetograph will show new pictures.

"The Bachelor Club" will be the attraction at the Gayety Theatre next week. The company presenting this new burlesque attraction is about twice the size usually found in similar productions, and the performance is said to be highly amusing, and full of life and color.

In the very zenith of its popularity J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan" is to be shelved by Maude Adams, who, on the evening of January 15th, at the Empire Theatre, New York, will seek triumphs new in "The Jesters," a translation of "Les Bouffons," said to be the most delightful play Charles Frohman has ever secured in Paris. Between the abandonment of "Peter Pan" and the creation of her new part in "The Jesters," Miss Adams

will perform her charming "Phoebe Throssell" in Barrie's "Quality Street" for a single week.

Charles Frohman has just presented J. M. Barrie, the author of "Peter Pan," a privately printed volume of fifty of the best poems written by the newspapers and magazine writers of America in praise of Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan." The volume is a rare specimen of fine book binding and contains poems by J. Clarence Harvey, Edmund Clarence Stedman, H. T. Parker, Theodosia Garrison and many others.

"Who is responsible for the alleged lack of virility of American drama?" asks Current Literature. "Is it the grasping manager, the conceited player, or the uninspired dramatist? Each in turn lays the blame on the other. At last a courageous critic comes forward with a new and striking thesis. Not any of these, it seems, deserves our censure. The real cause of the insipidity of the American dramatic art is she whom Christy and Gibson have fashioned the American Girl. Our plays, claims 'A First Nighter' in Ainslee's, are not written for thinking men and women, but appeal chiefly to the limited intelligence of immature girlhood. Over in France, where they take their drama seriously and their duties flipantly, the young girl as an influence on the theatre is unknown. To be told that he must shape his ideas or the construction of his play so as to suit the mentality and conserve the innocence of la jeune fille, that, the writer opines, would seem as insane to the Frenchman as would the proposition to reorganize our American banking laws to suit the ideas of the matinee girl."

Digby Bell is now playing Uncle Nat in James A. Herne's "Shore Acres." From the eccentric Mr. Pipp in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" to the lovable and pathetic old light-house keeper of "Shore Acres" is a big jump, but according to all reports Mr. Bell fills the new part.

### O City Stones.

LOVE you all, so worn so old,  
O city stones!  
O sanctuary grim and cold,  
To which, with faltering heart, I make  
My pilgrimage for memory's sake;  
Retracing ways he used to know,  
The streets he passed not long ago,  
O city streets!

A rude throng surges o'er your breast,  
O city stones!  
The very paths his feet have pressed,  
My heart cries "Sacilege!" O heart,  
Heed then the hope they would impart,  
Brave city stones!

Perchance his splendor left behind  
With you, O stones!  
Where city by-ways twist and wind—  
Where, gay and grave, all people meet—  
Where motley maskers fill the street—  
Some subtle peace, some calm, some grace,  
That all may gather in the race  
Through stony ways.  
—Claire Wallace Flynn, in the Scrap Book.

### Sea-Drift.

ONCE in a twelvemonth given,  
At midnight of the year,  
To rise from their graves as vapor  
That shadows the face of fear,  
And up through the green of surges,  
A-sweep to the headland's base,  
Like a white mist blown to landward,  
They come to this lofty place—

Pale as the heart of sorrow,  
Dim as a dream might be—  
The souls of shipwrecked sailors,  
And them that are drowned at sea.  
In swift and silent procession  
Circle the lonely steep  
Where the wild wind faints before  
them,  
And hushed is the roar of the deep.

Between the stroke of midnight  
And the first gray hint of day,  
They gather and form and falter,  
And noiselessly sink away—  
Back to the listening ocean  
That has held its breath to hark  
What the ghosts of its countless victims  
Might mutter and moan in the dark.

But up on the grassy headland  
Never a moan is heard.  
As they pass and pale in the sound-  
less night

They utter no plaint nor word,  
But as a mist dissolving  
In the dawn star's pallid ray,  
They vanish. And over the eastern  
hills  
Stealth the light of day.  
—Lischen M. Miller, in Putnam's Magazine.

Every one has heard of Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, the painter, but every one has not heard of Miss Alma Tadema, his gifted and talented daughter. We are likely to hear of her in the future, because she has come to America with a new gospel of happiness that she is eager to impart to all and sundry without money and without price. That is the sort of thing we are looking for. The prospect of getting something for nothing has made us happy already.

Miss Alma Tadema was, of course, met on arrival by the inevitable reporter, who is not consciously in need of happiness himself, but who is always anxious to impart it to others. To the reporters Miss Tadema imparted the profound and preliminary truth that "happiness consists in managing oneself." This seemed to puzzle the interviewer, who promptly asked if married people could be happy, seeing that they usually managed one another. Miss Tadema's knowledge of matrimony is theoretical only, and she could only reply that marriage has nothing to do with happiness or unhappiness. This discouraged the reporter, whose professional experiences had led him to opposite conclusions, so he changed the subject and asked, "Do you know one perfectly happy individual?" Miss Tadema did. She herself was that fortunate one. She was perfectly happy, although she admitted that she had not always been so, which seemed to suggest a romance. Miss Tadema further explained in reply to a question that she did not approve of women voting, but she hastened to lessen the sting by adding that neither did she approve of men voting. Miss Tadema's career in America will be watched with some interest. That she should travel all the way across the Atlantic in order to impart a secret of happiness to her afflicted sisters is no small thing and it arouses our eager expectations.

Aunt Emily (telling little Johnnie a story)—Now, early on Christmas morning, this bad boy got out of bed and ran over to the mantel where he had hung up his stocking. He found it hanging just where he had left it; but it was empty. Can you tell me why it was empty, Johnnie—why that bad boy found not even a piece of

candy in his stocking on Christmas morning? Little Johnnie (who has had experience)—Because he had swiped everything in the night.—Home Magazine.

Wise — Poor Burroughs! he's worrying a great deal about debts—Newitt—Nonsense! You'll never catch him worrying because he can't pay his debts. Wise—He's not worrying about old debts he can't pay, but about new ones he can't contract.—Philadelphia Press.

"Your husband is not a very practical man, is he?" "No," answered Mrs. Torkins. "His idea of economy is to save up money to bet at the next race meeting."—Washington Star.

Muriel—Why didn't you marry him? Everybody says he has reformed. Maud—Yes; but he reformed too late. His money was all gone.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Cradle, Alter and The Tomb BIRTHS.

CRAIG—At Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Roland D. Craig, a son.

MERCER—At Moose Jaw, Sask., on Dec. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mercer, a daughter.

BRAND—At Alberni, B. C., Dec. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brand, a son.

HASLAM—At Peshawar, India, on Dec. 22, to Rev. R. H. A. and Mrs. Haslam, a daughter.

SMITH—In Toronto, Dec. 22, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kemp, a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

SWEETNAM-STEWART—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. H. Gooderham, 592 Sherbourne street, Toronto, on December 25, 1907, by Rev. S. Cleaver, Margaret Victoria Sweetnam, to Dr. Cameron Robertson Stewart, of London, Eng.

SHAMBRON-GRANT—At Hamilton, Dec. 21, Helen Maud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Grant, to William Davidson Shambron.

PACEY-GRANT—In Toronto, Dec. 21, Annie Grant to Frank Pacey.

PASHLER-HUTTON—In Toronto, Dec. 21, Georgina Mary Hutton, of London, Eng., to Lawrence John Pashler, of Toronto.

### DEATHS.

FITZGERALD—At Harrison, Dec. 20, Alice Ann Woollatt, wife of Wm. Fitzgerald.

MORINE—In Toronto, Dec. 19, Stanley Howe, younger son of Hon. A. B. Morine, K. C., aged 18 years.

McTAVISH—At Baltimore, Md., Dec. 22, Mary Bayne, wife of Rev. D. McTavish, M.A., D.Sc., pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

STEWART—At the General Hospital, Toronto, Dec. 21, Walter Gregg, second son of Rev. Dr. Alex. Stewart, Clinton, and grandson of Rev. Prof. Gregg, Toronto.

BASTEDO—At Newmarket, Dec. 23, J. A. Bastedo, postmaster, in his 67th year.

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FROM THE INSIDE.

—Life.







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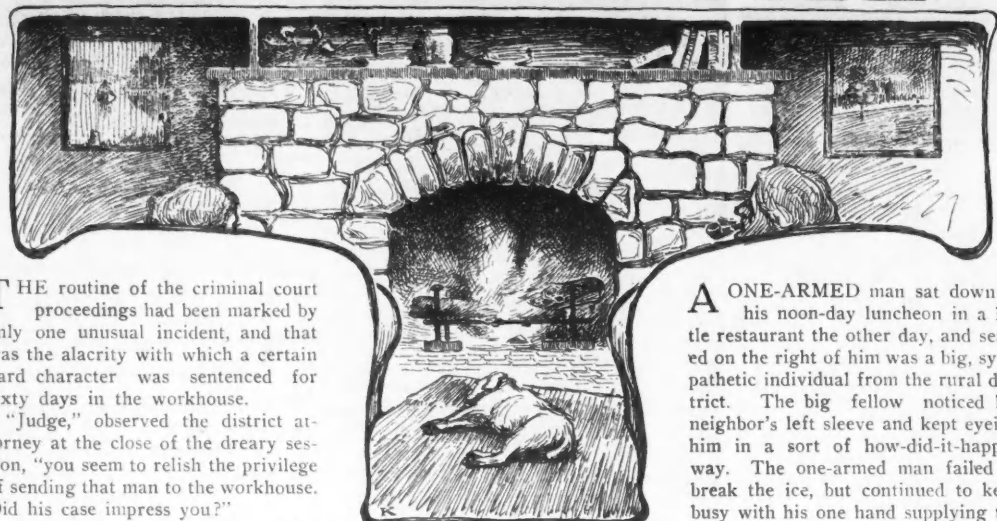
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# A NECDOTAL



THE routine of the criminal court proceedings had been marked by only one unusual incident, and that was the alacrity with which a certain hard character was sentenced for sixty days in the workhouse.

"Judge," observed the district attorney at the close of the dreary session, "you seem to relish the privilege of sending that man to the workhouse. Did his case impress you?"

"Now, look here," whispered the judge as he beckoned the attorney aside, "that man is a worthless fellow. Always drunk and never contributes a cent to the support of his wife, who is a most deserving woman. I feel sorry for her, and whenever he is in prison she comes to our home and assists my wife in the kitchen. And," chuckled the judge, as he tapped the attorney's shoulder cheerfully, "she does know how to bake apple pie."

WHEN the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through three or four structures for it, he descried an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the top-most floor of an eight storey tenement, a little farther up the street.

"Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building. In answer, the old woman motioned for him to come up. Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights and burst into the room where the old woman was.

"Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire or smoke became visible.

"Oh, there ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an ear-trumpet. "I asked 'y' up 'cause I couldn't hear a word you said 'way down there!'"

THERE was a children's hospital which Miss Gladys Vanderbilt visited regularly, bringing fruit and flowers to the little patients, and in a certain ward a boy was pointed out to her one day as a very bad customer. Miss Vanderbilt talked a while with the little chap, and when she rose to go she said:

"I have heard bad reports about you. Now I want you to promise me to be good. If you are good for a whole week, I'll bring you a dollar when I come again next Thursday."

The boy promised to try to be good. This promise, though, he did not keep. On her next visit Miss Vanderbilt, going to his cot, said:

"I shall not ask the nurses how you have behaved this last week. I want you to tell me yourself. Now what do you think—do you deserve that dollar I promised you, or not?"

The boy regarded Miss Vanderbilt with a troubled frown. Then he said in a low voice: "Gimme a nickel."

A LANCASHIRE lad went into a large post office and asked for a penny stamp.

"Next counter," said the clerk briskly; "can't you read? Look at the labels."

The lad did not answer. He went to the counter indicated, on which was the legend "postage stamps," and bought one. Then he affixed it to the letter and went back to the clerk he had at first addressed. That individual was checking postal orders. When he had reached the end of the bundle he looked up.

"Well?" he asked.

"If I post this letter to-night," inquired the lad, "will it get to Bolton to-morrow morning?"

"Certainly it will."

"Well, then," replied the lad, "thou's a liar, it won't, for it's going to Sheffield."

THE widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the village in which she lived to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not correct," said the officer in charge.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the lady.

"It bears the date of September 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on September 15."

"What kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant.

"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on September 15," said the officer with great firmness.

A COUNTRY manager had two costly lightning rods placed on his new opera house. Only a week or so later there came a violent thunder storm, the theatre was struck, and in a few hours all that remained was a heap of charred black refuse. Next day the manager sought the lightning rod agent.

"Fine lightning rods you sold me!" he shouted. "Here's my opera house struck and burned to ashes."

"What!" said the agent, "struck by lightning?"

"Yes, sir, struck by lightning."

"In the daytime?"

"No, at night—last night."

The agent's puzzled frown relaxed a little. "Ah," he said. "It was a dark night, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was," said the manager. "It was pitch dark."

"Were the lanterns burning?"

"What lanterns?"

The agent looked amazed, then incredulous. "Why," he said, "you don't mean to tell me that you don't run up the lanterns on the rods on dark nights?"

"I never heard of such a thing," shouted the manager. "Run lanterns up! Why?"

"Well," said the agent, "if you don't know enough to keep your lightning rods showing you can not blame me."

DURING a political campaign in Mississippi a certain Colonel Robinson was running for Congress on the Republican ticket. On the morning of election day one of the friends of the Republican candidate chanced to meet an old negro, known locally as Mose Thompson, whom he asked:

"You are going to vote for Colonel Robinson, are you not?"

"No, sah, I ain't goin' to vote fer the colonel."

"What? Not vote for the man who is for giving your race its due opportunity; the man who led them in a splendid charge? Isn't it only honorable and chivalrous to vote for him?"

"No, sah," replied Mose. "I ain't goin' to vote fer the colonel. I's goin' to be hon'ble an' chiv'lrous an' vote for the genulmen that give me five dollars."

A REPORTER was congratulating Mr. Marconi, at Sydney, N. S., upon his success with transatlantic wireless telegraphy.

"But, sir," said the reporter, "they tell me you are working so hard that you only sleep four hours a night?"

"Yes, that is true," said the inventor.

"No wonder you are getting thin," the reporter observed. "You are growing famous, to be sure, but at what a price of flesh!"

"I am not like the Italian admiral, Libertini, then," said Mr. Marconi, laughing. "Libertini," he went on, "had won many battles and great renown, and at a ball given in his honor one lady said to another:

"But how frightfully fat our dear admiral is getting."

"Yes," said the second lady. "Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals."

A ONE-ARMED man sat down to his noon-day luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big, sympathetic individual from the rural district. The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve and kept eyeing him in a sort of how-did-it-happen way. The one-armed man failed to break the ice, but continued to keep busy with his one hand supplying the inner man. At last the inquisitive one on the right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat, and said:

"I see, sir, you have lost an arm."

Whereupon the unfortunate man picked up the empty sleeve with his right hand, peered into it, looked up with a surprised expression, and said:

"By George, sir, you're right."

"HENRY JAMES," said a publisher, "lives at Rye, one of England's cinq portes, but recently left Rye for a time and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had piled up his fortune."

"The jam manufacturer one day wrote Mr. James an impudent letter, vowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back:

"Dear Sir: I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves."

"P.S.—Excuse my mentioning your preserves."

A N American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold experienced in winter in the north of Scotland, says a Glasgow paper.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way, and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But, man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"We don't do things by halves at home," replied the tale-pitcher. "The law of gravity was frozen, too!"

CAPTAIN JAMES F. OYSTER, of Washington, a dealer in butter, cheese and eggs, is a member of the Board of Education of the District of Columbia.

There was a trial a time ago at which Captain Oyster testified as an expert in educational matters. The opposing counsel was Harry Davis, celebrated as a wit. When it came Davis' turn to cross-examine, Captain Oyster squared himself for a hard battle.

"You are Captain Oyster?" asked Davis.

"Yes, sir."

"Member of the Board of Education and up on educational matters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Captain Oyster, what's the price of eggs to-day?"

"Thirty-five cents," snorted the Captain.

"That's all," said Davis.

IT was at a New York Symphony Orchestra concert conducted by Walter Damrosch. The audience was anticipating an exquisite rendition of choice selections from some famous composers, conspicuous among whom was Richard Wagner, the opening number in this instance being one of his compositions.

As was usual, the leading performers of the orchestra, as they appeared upon the platform, were met with enthusiastic applause, the climax being reached with the appearance of Mr. Damrosch himself.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided and the concert was about to begin a well dressed woman, seated quite near the front, turned to the woman beside her and said in an audible voice: "Pardon me, but would you kindly tell me which one is Wagner?"

"MISS EDITH," asked a young man, "may I ask you, please, not to call me Mr. Durand?"

"But," said Edith, with great coyness, "our acquaintance is so short, you know. Why should I not call you that?"

"Well," said the young man, "chiefly because my name is Dupont."

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 "The Beer that is always O. K." 137



**CHAPS** have no terrors for the girl who has a bottle of **Campana's Italian Balm** on her dressing table. Spite of March winds and raw air her hands are always white and smooth and her lips and cheeks soft. It's more than worth while to be sure you get the **REAL Campana's Italian Balm**, and not a substitute. 25c. at your Druggists.  
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THE solemnity of the meeting was somewhat disturbed when the eloquent young theologian pictured in glowing words the selfishness of men who spend their evenings at the club, leaving their wives in loneliness at home at this happy season.

"Think, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the great, dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other!"



## Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

THE new illustrated edition of "Songs of a Sourdough," issued by William Briggs, Toronto, is a handsome volume. In the artistic workmanship it displays as to design, printing, decoration and binding, as well as in its contents, it is a worthy specimen of what can be done in the way of book-making in this country. A second reading of these fine, strong poems by Robert W. Service, the young bank clerk poet, of White Horse, Yukon, more than justifies all that SATURDAY NIGHT has hitherto said in praise of them. When one can read a poem twice, three times, and oftener, each time with renewed enjoyment or satisfaction, the poem is a good one—one with an unusual grip on the mind and heart. Such poems are the "Songs of a Sourdough." Finer than ever on re-reading are those dealing with the Yukon, that strange country, "monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the first," where "the lonely sunsets flare and die; the giant valleys gulp the night." And the humor of "The Cremation of Sam McGee" is such that does not grow stale. Every young Canadian ought to read this book—and own a copy if possible. The illustrated edition contains several new poems, which are as striking in their versification and virile quality as anything the author has done. Some stanzas from one of these, his "L'Envoi," may be quoted:

Little of joy or mirth,  
Little of ease I sing;  
Sagas of men of earth  
Humanly suffering,  
Such as you all have done;  
Savagely faring forth,  
Sons of the Midnight Sun—  
Argonauts of the North.

Far in the land God forgot  
Glimmers the lure of your trail;  
Still in your lust are you taught  
Even to win is to fail.  
Still must you follow and fight  
Under the vampire wing;  
There in the long, long night  
Hoping and vanquishing.

Husbandmen of the Wild,  
Reaping a barren gain;  
Scourged by desire, reconciled  
Unto disaster and pain;  
These my songs are for you,  
You who are seared with the brand;  
God knows I have tried to be true;  
Please God you will understand.

Cassell & Company, Limited, publishers, Toronto, are issuing "The People's Library"—cheap but well-bound reprints of the best and most popular masterpieces of literature. The books are published in two styles—in cloth binding at 25 cents, and in leather at 50 cents; the works of fiction appearing in red and the more serious volumes in green. When we think of cheap reprints we generally think of books hurriedly rushed together—ill-printed to the point of being undecipherable, full of errors, and wretchedly bound, generally with pages missing or inserted in the wrong place. These Cassell publications, however, which are being sold at such low prices are really well-made, well-appearing, and readable. As the London Times says, "The People's Library" seems to be the last word in cheap reprints, the volumes being well printed in large type on adequate paper. The issue offers a wide range for the selection of gift books at remarkably low prices.

During the past few weeks an advertisement of unusual interest has been running in the newspapers of Halifax. The advertisement is small and modest in appearance, but it announces six new books by Nova Scotia authors, published by T. C. Allen & Co. They are: "The Three Crosses," by Rev. J. W. Falconer; "The Secret of the Stream," by Rev. J. B. MacLean; "Studies in Practical Theology," by Rev. Dr. Pollock; "Christianity and its Bible," by Rev. H. F. Waring; "The Fruit of the Spirit," by Rev. W. J. Armitage; "New Theology Sermons," by Rev. R. J. Campbell. This list, however, is incomplete, there being a number of other new books by Nova Scotians on the market. In referring to this unique record, the Halifax Herald says: Never before in the history of this province was such a galaxy of new books from the pen of Nova Scotia authors advertised in the press. The literary output of Halifax this year has been especially noteworthy. It is probable that no year since the foundation of the city, has seen so many books published by local authors, or witnessed so warm a welcome to their works. It is a healthy sign

of intellectual development, which has kept pace with the progress of the province and city in material things. If the authors of so many new books lived in any other city than Halifax, whole pages, instead of two or three inches, of newspaper would be occupied in the announcements.

Dr. Hunt and Dr. Grenfell, who together discovered the "Sayings of Jesus" at Oxyrhynchus, have come across other manuscript fragments of non-canonical gospels at the same spot. One purports to record a conversation on the nature of purity held between Jesus and a Pharisee at the Temple. Though probably written somewhere in the last half of the second century it may incorporate an authentic tradition. At least it has the genuine ring, and is an apparent elaboration of the first twenty verses of Matthew xv., and especially of the eleventh, "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."

William Chapman, of Ottawa, who has attained prominence as a writer of French verse, was recently lionized by the literary clubs of Chicago. In this connection an admirer of Mr. Chapman, writes in the following vein in The New World, regarding French-Canadian poets:

".....And so their poets have come, Cremazie, Frechette, Chapman. 'Cremazie, the bard of the first hour, poor and unheard, left to depart and to die in exile. Yet was he who first enshrined for his people the glories of their history; who recalled the victories of the race, Tolbiac, Bouvines, Marignan, Austerlitz, Malakoff, Magenta, who voiced and made conscious the dumb love of the people for their woods and their hamlets and their lordly river. Another might come and reap the harvest.

"Frechette called his work: 'The Legend of a people.' It has the sweep and the breath of conscious power. He is sure of his audience and he is sure of the future. He has been accused of too close a study of his models, perhaps was it inevitable at the time he came, a pupil of Victor Hugo, he could with difficulty forget his master. But, be this as it may, his book will remain a permanent possession of French-Canadian literature, its first work of sustained unity.

"The law governing the appearance of genius, if such there be, is yet undiscovered. Frechette had scarcely come into his own than William Chapman's work began to claim attention and soon to clamor for recognition.

"William Chapman, now the guest of the literary circles of Chicago, is a poet of the third hour. His is not the heralding of things to come, nor the first song of the approaching dawn. His is the exuberance and the richness, the throbbing abundance and originality which comes with the full bursting of the dawn of a great literary age."

The phrase, "Please with honor," was effectively used long before Disraeli's time by Edmund Burke, who, however, was not its author, the real parent being Shakespeare, who makes use of the words in "Coriolanus," Act iii, Scene 2. Many other famous phrases, notes the Argonaut, have been borrowed by statesmen, who have made a hit with them. Mr. Gladstone's "bag and baggage" comes from "As you Like It," and John

Morley's expression, "Mend or end it," was borrowed from Sir Walter Scott, who in "The Monastery" makes one of his characters say, "My fate calls me elsewhere to scenes where I shall end it or mend it." And the time worn words, "Measures not men," appropriated by so many speakers, comes from Goldsmith.

George Meredith, the distinguished English novelist, now in his eightieth year, contributes to the Christmas Scribner's Magazine a poem entitled "The Wild Rose."

The editors of Harper's Bazaar have devised a novelty in the ways of serial fiction for 1908. It is entitled "The Whole Family," and consists of twelve chapters, each written by a different author, and each author the mouthpiece, so to speak, of one member of the family. The opening chapter in the Christmas issue is the father's, and William Dean Howells is its author.

Among several things well worth noting in Mr. Layard's book, "A Great 'Punch' Editor," is given Shirley Brook's remembrance of Thackeray: "What delightful English he wrote! He knew this, and was proud, and said that Dickens might be a great moralist, but that he was the best grammarian." Now, the curious thing (observes the London Daily Chronicle) is that Thackeray was a very shaky grammarian, and that the pages of "Pendennis" abound in weak collocations and constructions; whereas the self-educated Dickens was an almost infallible grammarian. Not in his work shall we find the unrelated and irresponsible "and which," or the split infinitive, or anything of the kind. The vulgarism of "aggravate" for "irritate"—very common with him, but by no means peculiar to him—was nearly his only verbal crime.

The new edition of Miss Weaver's excellent text book, "A Canadian History for Boys and Girls," which has been brought down to date and carefully revised, and been supplied with a new set of illustrations, will be ready early in January. This school history, especially for beginners, is now authorized in Ontario and Quebec, and seems likely to find its way into the other provinces. The new edition, which William Briggs, Toronto, is publishing, will contain over one hundred half-tone portraits and as many illustrations of historic scenes and events, buildings, etc., many of them very curious and rare.

The Macmillan Company has in press a two-volume work on "Modern Egypt," by the Earl of Cromer, which is expected to appear early in the new year. It is the outcome of Lord Cromer's long official connection with Egypt, where, as Consul-General, he has exerted a larger influence than any other man in the country, and placed his name among those of the greatest modern political administrators. Lord Cromer's remarkable personality, and the authority with which he will speak on all matters Egyptian, make this a work of scarcely less interest in America than in England.

The present fashion in London would seem to be to give musical entertainments at unwonted hours. The Thursday "Twelve o'Clocks" at Aeolian Hall, have, says the Telegraph, "resumed their pleasant and successful course, and, in the same building, on Monday next, the accomplished Chaplin Trio are giving a benefit concert, at the strange hour of 5.30. Carriages, we note, are ordered for 6.45. In the one case, it will be observed, music lovers are ministered to before lunch, and in the other just before dinner. Is post-prandial music going out of fashion? It will be a joyous day for professional concert goers when recitals and the like begin at 10 p.m., in order that those who attend them may the better enjoy their supper afterwards. And we have a suspicion that when the vogue is set of concerts before breakfast more than one critic will change his profession."

"Was it a nice wedding?"

"Beautiful. Never saw a handsomer one and everything went off without a hitch."

"Without a hitch? So? What was the trouble? Didn't the minister get there?"

"Get there? Why, yes! I tell you there wasn't a hitch from beginning to end."

"No hitch! Well, tastes differ. You're too modern for me. I like weddings with a hitch in them. What good is a wedding where nobody's hitched?"—Life.

"What kind of coal do you use in your house?"

"Pea coal. You know we are all vegetarians."—Life.

## In Praise of Keats.

ALL over-thumbed, dog-eared, and stained with grass,  
All bleached with sun and time, and eloquent  
Of afternoons in golden houred Romance,  
You turn them o'er, these comrade books of mine.

And idly ask me what I think of Keats,

But let me likewise question you round whom

The clangor of the Market sweeps and clings;

In summer toward the murmurous close of June

Have you e'er walked some dusty meadow path

That faced the sun and quivered in the heat,

And as you brushed through grass and daisy-drift,

Found glowing on some sun-burnt little knoll

One deep, red, over-ripe wild strawberry?

The sweetest fruit beneath Canadian skies,

And in that sun-bleached field the only touch

Of lustrous color to redeem the spring—

The flame-red passion of life's opulence

Grown over-sweet and soon ordained to death!

And have you ever caught up in your hand

That swollen globe of soft deliciousness?

You notice first the color, richly red;

And then the odor, strangely sweet and sharp,

And last of all, you crush its ruddy core

Against your lips, till color, taste, and scent

Might make your stained mouth stop the murmur: "This

The very heart of summer that I crush!"

So poignant, through its lusciousness it seems!

Then what's the need, Old Friend, of foolish words:

I've shown you now just what I think of Keats.

—From "The Woman in the Rain," by Arthur Stringer.

It is hard sometimes for the old and the young to arrive at a common point of comprehension. The old lady and the Sunday school boy in the following story, taken from Answers, did finally arrive at an understanding but not until the boy had suffered damage to his feelings, if not to his possessions. A picnic was in progress, and the benevolent and elderly lady took much enjoyment in seeing the delight of the children who were sporting themselves in her grounds.

She went from one to another, saying a few kind words to each. Presently she seated herself in the grass beside Tommy, a little boy with golden curls and an angelic expression. But as soon as he observed her sitting beside him, Tommy set up an ear-piercing howl.

"Have you the stomach-ache?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I ain't!" snapped Tommy.

"Perhaps you would like some more cake?"

"No!" roared the angelic child.

"Wot I want is my frog wot I catched!"

"Frog?"

"Yes, my frog! You're sitting on it!"

The lawyer said sadly to his wife on his return home one night: "People seem very suspicious of me. You know old Jones? Well, I did some work for him last month, and when he asked me for the bill this morning, I told him out of friendship that I wouldn't charge him anything. He thanked me cordially, but said he'd like a receipt."

The Missus—My man, don't you ever use soap?

The Hobo—I been readin' the ads, an' each one says all other kinds is injurious to the skin. How am I goin' to tell w'ich one is right?—Cleveland Leader.

Lady (engaging cook)—Why did you leave your last place? Bridget Maloney—Whoi, mum, the mistress said she cudn't do widout me, so Oi came to the conclusion that Oi was worth more than she was givin' me, and Oi left at wanst!—Pick-Me-Up.

Norah—An' phwhere do your mis-thress be goin' to-night? Bridget—Shure she didn't inform me, but fr'm the looks iv her, Oi take it she be goin' to wun iv thim comin'-out parties.—Harvard Lampoon.

"I can pronounce your name; but I can't spell it," she said to her partner, trying to remember who he was.

"J-o-n-e-s," he replied, gravely.—Modern Society.

## The Merchants Bank of Canada

Report Presented at the 44th Annual Meeting of the Shareholders, Held on Wednesday, 18th December, 1907.

The annual meeting of the Directors and Shareholders of the Merchants Bank of Canada was held at noon yesterday at the Head Office, 205 St. James street. Amongst the Shareholders present at the meeting were: Messrs. Jonathan Hodgson, Thomas A. Long, C. R. Hosmer, C. F. Smith, Hugh A. Allan, Alex. Barnett, George Hague, T. E. Merrett, D. C. Macarow, F. S. Lyman, A. D. Fraser, C. R. Black, A. Piddington, M. S. Foley, R. Campbell Nelles, John Patterson, E. Flske (Coatcook), and others. In the absence of the President, Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, the Vice-President, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson, took the chair. Mr. Kilbourn was appointed Secretary of the meeting.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were taken as read. The Chairman then submitted the following report of the Directors:—

## THE REPORT.

The Directors beg to present the Statement of Affairs of the Bank as at close of the half year's business on 30th November last.

In accordance with permission granted by the Shareholders at the last annual meeting, the books are closed upon the 30th of November, instead of on the 31st May, as heretofore.

The net profits for the half year amounted to \$473,144.50. Out of this two quarterly dividends, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum—amounting to \$240,000—have been paid, the balance being carried forward to next year.

The full proportion of inspection work has been done during the past six months.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

JONATHAN HODGSON,

Vice-President.

Statement of the result of the business of the Bank for the half year ending 30th November, 1907:—

The Net Profits of the half-year, after payment of charges, rebate on discounts, interest on deposits, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to

Balance brought forward from last year, ending 31st May, 1907.....

This has been disposed of as follows:—

Quarterly dividend No. 80, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.....

Quarterly Dividend No. 81 at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum.....

Leaving a balance to be carried forward to next year of .....

Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1907:—

LIABILITIES.

1.—To the Public.

Notes in Circulation.....

Deposits at call.....

Deposits subject to notice (accrued interest to date included).....

Deposits due to other Banks in Canada.....

Dividend No. 81.....

Dividends unclaimed.....

2.—To the Shareholders.

Capital paid up.....

Reserve Fund.....

Surplus profit.....

Assets.

Gold and Silver Coins on hand.....

Domestic Notes on hand.....

Notes and Cheques of other Banks.....

Balances due by other banks in Canada.....

Balances due by Banks and Agents in Great Britain.....

Balances due by Banks and Agents in the United States.....

Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks in Canada.....

Call and Short Loans on Bonds and Stocks elsewhere than in Canada.....

Domestic and Provincial Government Securities.....

Railway, Municipal and other Debentures.....

Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest reserved).....

Loans and Discounts overdue (loss fully provided for).....

Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation.....

Mortgages and other Securities, the property of the Bank.....

Real Estate.....

Bank Premises and Furniture.....

Other Assets.....

E. F. HEBDEN,

General Manager.

## THE DISCUSSION.

The Chairman—"I have much pleasure in moving the adoption of this report."

Mr. Thomas Long—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, the reports that have been placed before you are, I consider, of an excellent nature, and I have much pleasure in seconding the motion. I am sure that we are all pleased and satisfied at the report laid before us. Considering the condition of trade all over Canada, I think that this report is one with which all the shareholders should be satisfied. (Hear, hear.)

"I may say that I am very pleased, and I am sure we all are, to see our ex-General Manager, Mr. Hague, present with us to-day. (Applause.) We hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing him at many such meetings as this in the years to come. I have great pleasure in seconding the adoption of this report."

The Chairman—"Are there any questions to be asked by the Shareholders? If not, I will ask your approval of the report."

There being no questions, the report was then put to the vote and unanimously adopted.

The General Manager (Mr. E. F. Hebden)—"The statement before you gives the result of our best efforts in the management of your property for the past six months. The figures may, perhaps, speak for themselves. I hope you will think the statement a not unfavorable one. In this connection I should like to bear testimony to the loyalty and excellent work and spirit of the staff at large, all the members of which are actuated by an ardent desire to promote the Bank's best interests."

"The general banking and commercial situation has been recently epitomized by the chief officer of the premier bank of Canada, supplemented by the weighty deliverance of its President, and between these two authorities all of present practical interest has been said. If it were for me to make any remarks to you on the present occasion, I should like to say that there has, perhaps, never been in recent years in Canada a time when a policy of moderation in public and private affairs was so plainly called for as the present, and in saying this I believe I am only expressing a thought uppermost in the minds of most thinking responsible men in Canada. The change in the commercial and economic situation in the neighboring republic for the worse, within the past few months, has been kaleidoscopic. It is now, happily, showing signs of improvement. In Canada we are altogether better situated, and it is our good fortune to be working under a better banking and currency system. But this is a slowing down time with us, a time to take stock of our positions, and to retrench and be mutually helpful withal, by being moderate in our commitments and undertakings, and thereby introducing a factor into affairs making for the retaining of all our advantage, which can only be interfered with by untimely optimism."

The Chairman—"The next order of business is the election of Directors, and I would suggest that Messrs. Black and Patterson act as scrutineers."

Moved by Mr. M. S. Foley, Seconded by Mr. A. Piddington, that Messrs. John Patterson and S. R. Black be requested to act as Scrutineers, and that only one ballot be taken for the election of the Directors.

Mr. George Hague—"I am inclined to think that this course is hardly formal enough for such an election of Directors. I think the motion should read: 'That the Scrutineers cast one ballot for the following persons as Directors,' and unless this course is followed someone may call this election in question. We are all agreed upon the names, and I suggest that this course be followed."

Moved by Mr. J. Patterson, seconded by Mr. George Hague, that the Scrutineers cast one ballot for the following persons as Directors of the Merchants Bank of Canada for the ensuing year:—

SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN,  
MR. JONATHAN HODGSON,  
MR. THOMAS LONG,  
MR. C. R. HOSMER,  
MR. C. F. SMITH,  
MR. HUGH A. ALLAN,  
MR. C. M. HAYS,  
MR. ALEX. BARNETT,  
MR. F. ORR LEWIS.

The Scrutineers cast one ballot in accordance with this motion, and the Chairman declared the gentlemen mentioned therein elected as Directors of the Bank.

There being no further business the meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors the following officers were re-elected:—President, Sir Hugh Montagu Allan; Vice-President, Mr. Jonathan Hodgson.



TORONTO'S NEXT MAYOR



DR. BEATTIE NESBITT

"The time a MAN is needed is AFTER THE BY-LAW CARRIES. Then we will need for MAYOR the ABLEST, the STRONGEST, the MOST AGGRESSIVE, and the MOST RESOURCEFUL MAN we can get.

"In canvassing all classes of people with this proposition, without mentioning to them any names, they at once say, 'THAT'S NESBITT.'

"That is the reason I am supporting DR. NESBITT for MAYOR."

DR. E. J. BARRICK,

Chairman at St. George's Hall Meeting, Dec. 21.

The  
Vote for  
**Power By-law**  
**Nesbitt**

"I hope to be elected Mayor, but I would rather be defeated myself than see the Power By-law fail to pass. If I win I can only be Mayor for a year or two, but the By-law will benefit the people for all time."

—DR. NESBITT.

For  
Mayor  
of  
all  
the  
People  
Election  
New Year's  
Day

SPORTING COMMENT

How would you like to be a game warden? Not a have-one-yourself-and-wink-at-the-other-eye official, but a sure 'nuff warden with a conscience?

If you would, you have before you the prospect of the most ungrateful task ever devised by human laws. All the world loves a lover, and this is probably the reason so little affection is left over for the man who looks after the enforcement of the game laws. Be he a good fellow, or in other words affected with occasional attacks of official blindness, he is reasonably sure of a life free from care, but a too strict appreciation of the duties of his office will land him in a sea of troubles, before you can say knife! It takes a brave man to face the open hostility of his neighbors and the ever-present prospect that powerful interests will secure his undoing, but these are just a few of the disabilities attending the career of a "straight" official.

Things in this regard are bad enough in this country, but they are not a marker to the conditions that prevail over the border. Over there, if a game warden renders himself obnoxious he is not harassed and his position undermined by political jobbery. There is a surer way than that. He is removed from his sphere of usefulness by the shotgun route. In 1906, in the state of Pennsylvania, two game wardens were murdered and five others shot while in the discharge of their duty, and one United States journal makes the statement that more game wardens are shot every year in America than policemen.

From these facts the conclusion is unavoidable that the hunter with his gun is a worse thug than the burglar with his jimmy and revolver, and indicates a general hatred of the existing game regulations that is startling to say the least. With us the fear of the law is an ever-present and robust emotion and our actions are colored accordingly, but in ways short of actual violence the statutes are violated right up to the limit every day in the year.

The fact of the matter is that the game laws, just though they are, do not appeal to a large section of the community. In an abstract way, or as applied to the other fellow, they are considered very good, but cir-

cumstances alter cases, and many a man who would scorn to evade the customs dues on a box of gloves for his wife will snigger with unholy joy at the recollection of a successful "coup" worked on the game warden. The trouble is that these wholesale evasions will, in all probability, result in more stringent enactments that will bear hard alike on the just and the unjust.

THE comical figures cut by the men who prance back and forth across the country in a wild endeavor to sign material for the "pro" hockey teams down East is one of the most diverting signs of the festive holiday season. The funny part of it is that the professional hockey player is in many respects like the sportive flea of the deserted lumber camp—just as you've got him dead to rights he makes a wild leap and goes on his way rejoicing.

Of course there is a penalty for contract-jumping. Exactly. It amounts in all to the truly staggering sum of \$25, and is it any wonder that with this appalling sentence in view that the offending ones turn pale when the word of doom is read and have fearful visions of the old homestead mortgaged to keep little Willie in the game?

And the show has just begun. Two players have been dumped out of the Manitoba League for slaughter-house tactics, and, as these bonny lads are almost sure to come East in search of the golden fleece, there will be more fluttering in Montreal and Ottawa dove-cotes.

In view of these circumstances, let us not murmur nor repine. Though days be dull and stocks on the decline, the village cut-ups of the professional league will continue to gild the horizon with their mirthful antics, and he who cannot take joy from their artless gambols is indeed to be pitied.

AS was expected the C.A.A.U. refused to have anything to do with Walter Knox's application for reinstatement to the amateur ranks, no doubt considering that the time he has been doing penance, since June, all too short to entitle him to absolution. Knox fell from grace all right, but if the athletic revival that passed over the country this summer had only been started a year sooner Canada could have been represented at

England by the best athlete that was ever developed within her boundaries.

What was there for the boy to do? With the exception of the Y.M.C.A. games there was practically nothing doing for the field athletes for a number of years past, and a man of Knox's abilities could hardly be expected to chase back to Orillia and discuss the cheap lighting system all winter.

Knox did not receive any medals for his wins at the Island in June, but the spectators who were lucky enough to be present and witness the games that day can rest assured that they will not see anyone duplicate his performance for some time to come. Think it over. Competing against the recognized champions of Canada in their respective events this boy leads Bobby Kerr home in the 100 yard dash, trims Archibald and Cameron in the pole vault, outjumps Worthington and Bricker in the broad jump, vanquishes Tim O'Rourke in the shot put and throws the discus farther than Latramouille.

If Knox is billed for any exhibitions at the indoor meets this winter and the reader wishes to see a really first class all-round athlete take our advice and attend.

WHILE the C.A.A.U. Board of Governors have ratified the proposal to have a central Canadian Olympic Committee, they have emphasized their objections to Messrs. Foran and O'Connell having anything to do with the selection of an amateur team, by refusing to appoint C.A.A.U. representatives. They have recommended instead that the Olympic Commissioners make their own selections from the rival bodies, and report has it that if Foran and O'Connell are drawn for positions the C.A.A.U. will be represented, not. Somewhat cloudy again. Someone should start that soul-stirring ballad, "We don't know where we're going but we're on our way."

Many people will be glad to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert have consented to repeat their coaching and private train trip through the British Isles and Europe. Last summer's was the first trip of the kind, and was undertaken only at the urgent request of many who had socially enjoyed these houseparty trips in America, and had learned to appreciate their financial saving.

The enthusiastic praises and unanimous satisfaction expressed by the one hundred first-class people who

took the trip last summer, has resulted in a rush order of over fifty names, and a hearty appeal to repeat the good work. The trip created considerable interest in the old lands, as the houseparty idea was entirely new to them. When Mr. Cuthbert proposed it at a certain price, the railway officials declared it to be impossible. Mr. Cuthbert, having had experience, was firm, and not to be denied. Now it is conceded to be not only possible but perfect. The large number comprising the party, instead of being almost unmanageable, as with ordinary conducted parties, is the real secret of the low price and the success of the trip.

It is only by having a large party that the coaching and private train is possible. Every one having his own place on the train and at table, knows exactly what to do and where to go, and can therefore take care of himself. Knowing the ground, as now, next summer promises to be a wonderful success.

Mrs. Cuthbert is spending the winter quietly in a bungalow by the sea in Southern California, where she is compiling a book of travel, to contain the best camera pictures taken by members of the different parties.

A notable wit of the English bench, Lord Bramwell, was once sitting in a case where an apparently fashionable woman was accused of shoplifting.

"My lord, my client is not a common thief," urged the barrister for the defence; "she is suffering from kleptomania."

"That is exactly the disease I am here to cure," replied Lord Bramwell, bluntly.—Circle.

"Now, we must admit," began Woodby Wise, "that woman is naturally more hopeful than man—" "Yes," interrupted Marryat, "there's my wife, for instance; every time that she's bought fish since we've been married she has asked the dealer if they were fresh, hoping, I suppose, that some day he'll say 'No.'"—Philadelphia Press.

1908 Board of Control 1908

Your Vote and Influence respectfully solicited for the election of :

EX-ALDERMAN  
**O. B. SHEPPARD**  
For Board of Control

1908 TORONTO 1908

**OLIVER**

FOR

**MAYOR**

Election Day Wednesday, January 1st

Vote for CONTROLLER

**HOCKEN**

and CIVIC EFFICIENCY

1908

AS ALDERMAN  
WARD 3

IF THE WISHES OF

**MARK BREDIN**

are realized, the Power Bylaw will carry by a large majority, and if the Electors of the **Business Men's Ward** appreciate what the services of so successful a business man as Mr. Bredin will mean to the city, they will place him at the head of the polls on **Polling Day, Jan. 1st.**

Your Vote and Influence are respectfully solicited.

1908 WARD 5. 1908

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully solicited for the

ELECTION OF

**J. C. CLAXTON**

As ALDERMAN for 1908.

Election New Year's Day.

**J. ENOCH THOMPSON**

FOR CONTROLLER

Mr. J. Enoch Thompson, who is running for Controller, should be elected. He is a man of education and fearless in expressing his views, whether he loses votes by it or not. His opposition to the Power Bylaw should not prevent supporters of the project from voting for him, as there are many other important questions before the Council, and his vote will neither make nor mar the By-law. He has been in the real estate business in Toronto 24 years, besides filling the honorable position of Spanish Consul since 1889. Mr. Thompson was a member of the City Council in 1894.



## Society at the Capital

THE thoughts of everyone being intent on Christmas and the manifold preparations in connection therewith, the social festivities of the past week were curtailed to two dinners at Government House, a few most enjoyable teas and several small "seasonal" entertainments.

The weather now being sufficiently frosty to allow of Ottawa's most popular amusement, skating, being indulged in, and the beautiful new Rideau Rink being quite completed, the thoughts and energies of many have been turned in that direction. On Monday evening the Minto Skating Club had its first meeting of the season in the new rink, and although the ice was yet a trifle soft, a large number of our most adept skaters were present, including His Excellency Lord Grey and Lady Evelyn Grey, who were both on the ice, the latter looking extremely well in a costume of black velvet. Hot drinks and tempting refreshments were served in the tea room upstairs and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the first skate of the winter. Col. Irwin, president of the Minto Club, and Mrs. Irwin have sent invitations for a skating party on Monday evening, the 23rd.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey entertained at dinner at Government House on Tuesday and again on Wednesday, and those who had the honor of being invited on the first occasion were: The Right Hon. Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. R. F. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie; Mr. and Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell and Miss Evelyn Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. C. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Macoun, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. James F. Smellie, Mr. and Mrs. F. Avery and Mr. W. A. Allan. On Wednesday the group of guests who met at Government House were: Hon. R. and Madame Dandurand, Hon. Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick, Hon. Wm. and Mrs. Pugsley, Hon. Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard, Sir John Carling, Hon. David Tisdale, Mr. Gerald White, M.P., and Mrs. White, of Pembroke; Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., and Madame Bergeron; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mr. and Mrs. David Gilmour, Col. and Mrs. Rutherford, Col. and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Southam, Mr. and Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Nicholson, Col. Shore and Mr. Edward Waldo.

One of the brightest of the week's events was a girls' tea given by Mrs. R. F. Sutherland, wife of the Speaker of the Commons, in their pretty apartments in the Parliament Buildings. Miss Helen Sutherland's guest, Miss Myra Anderson, of Windsor, was the guest of honor, and a large number of our bright debutantes and also several of their companions who preceded them in society by a year or two, were invited to meet the attractive visitor from Windsor. The buffet in the dining room was exceedingly pretty with a profusion of pink carnations and lily of the valley surrounded with rose-shaded candelabra. Mrs. Sutherland was becomingly gowned in black and pink flowered chiffon over green taffeta; Miss Sutherland was in white and Miss Anderson wore pink mull over pink silk. Mrs. Sutherland had on the same day entertained at a luncheon to which twelve guests were invited, including Miss Elizabeth Borden, Miss Ethel Perley and her guest, Miss Cowie; Miss Idington and her cousin, Miss McDougall, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who is spending the winter with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Idington; Miss Corinne Parent, Miss Gladys Cook, Miss Irene Bate, Miss Corinne Mackay, of Montreal, who was visiting Lady Laurier and Miss Morna Bate. Another tea, perhaps the largest event of the week, came off on Wednesday, to which the Misses Fielding invited all the bright young girls of the capital who usually assemble at these gatherings, as well as a number who are visiting friends here, some for the session and others for a week or so. Mrs. Godfrey Greene, Jr., and Mrs. Hammett P. Hill, Jr., presided at the tea table, where crimson roses and carnations made a most effective decoration. Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Dorothy White and Miss Rose Fleck, a quartette of very popular girls who are so frequently called on to do duty in this capacity, made themselves extremely useful in handling dainties, etc.

Mrs. R. L. Borden added to her

already long list of this season's entertainments by giving another of her enjoyable luncheons on Wednesday, when her guests included principally those who are in town for the session. They included: Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Charles Reade, Mrs. Charles King, of Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. F. D. Monk, of Montreal; Mrs. F. S. Schaffner, of Boissevain, Man.; Mrs. McCraney, of Rosthern, Sask.; Mrs. Stanfield, of Truro, N. S.; and Mrs. Gerald White, of Pembroke.

Among the many holiday festivities which will transpire during the next two weeks will be a dinner-dance at which Mrs. C. Berkeley Powell will entertain on January 3, in honor of Miss Gladys Parry, of Toronto, who will then be the guest of Miss Evelyn Powell. Another attractive visitor from the Queen City who will come to Ottawa to participate in its many social events of the session is Miss Norah Warren, who will stay with Col. and Miss Eva Lessard, at 519 King Edward avenue, for some weeks.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Dec. 23, 1907.

## Music and Musicians

Mme. Tetrassini certainly has won the hearts of Londoners. The London World says regarding her appearance as Violetta:

In a few minutes she conquered the public in a way the like of which one can hardly recall. Nor is it easy to remember an occasion on which the public verdict was so undoubtedly right. The fact that Mme. Tetrassini is the sister-in-law of Signor Campanini, in so far as it was generally known, did not help her in the least; on the contrary, opera-goers are so full of charity that they immediately scented a job perpetrated by a venal and invertebrate syndicate to oblige an imperious but popular conductor. A few notes of Mme. Tetrassini's voice served to dispel all such illusions. One need not hesitate to rank her among the five or six greatest singers (of both sexes) of the day. There are few, if any, more beautiful voices, and hardly any produced and controlled with such exquisite art, while in her power to combine perfect technique with the almost unlimited command of vocal color she surely stands almost alone. And, lastly, she is a very skilled actress of sympathetic personality. But for myself, it was her rare gift of "acting with the voice" that seemed to be the real secret of her hold over her hearers.

Mme. Tetrassini's countenance, another English journal informs us, "is like her singing—expressive in the highest degree. Shaded by an aureole of beautiful hair, her eyes dance, her features move with the rapidity of lightning." She speaks only two languages, Italian and Spanish. For four years she sang in the cities of Brazil and the Argentine. She never returned once to Europe during those years, and she almost became a Spaniard, singing eight months each year ringing the changes on twenty operas, Lucia, Dinorah, Fossina, Gilda, Violetta, Amina, the Queen of the "Huguenots," Elvira in the "Puritani," Norma, Margherita—these were some of her parts. She has never studied a German opera, nor yet one of the modern Italian dramas, though Covent Garden would like her to try the part of Mimi, and she herself wants to sing Mozart.

Now that Offenbach has once more become a current topic, thanks to the revival of his "Contes de Hoffmann" by Oscar Hammerstein, in New York, it is interesting to recall the fact that this, his last opera, is by no means the only evidence we have that this Prussian Jew, who was so long the favorite buffoon of the Parisians, could also be very serious. Early in his career, as a matter of fact, he held very exalted views as regards the art of music. He wrote criticisms in which he lauds Mozart and Weber and Berlioz to the skies, and as a biographer remarks, "shows himself uncompromisingly hostile towards those composers who write down to the level of the public, and severely condemns what he terms 'mercantile music'."—such as he himself afterwards wrote in such large quantities. In one respect, however, he always remained an artist. In the flimsiest of his operettas he never failed to secure an exact coincidence of the music and the text. On this point and others the late Dr. Hanslick gossips entertainingly in his book "Aus dem Opernleben der Gegenwart."

Offenbach united with an astounding ease of production an exemplary diligence. He also could, like Mozart and Rossini, compose at any time or place, amid all manner of interrup-

tions. I often saw him write undisturbed when friends were standing around him in groups and talking, and whenever he came to Vienna he always brought a goodly quantity of sketches he had jotted down with lead pencil on the trip. Most astounding was his self-control and composure at the time when, ill and tortured by pains, he worked on indefatigably, lying in bed, yet having daily consultations with his librettists regarding the next scenes. The completion of a score did not end his labor. While the rehearsals were going on he altered and improved incessantly; never for a moment did he hesitate to cut out a pretty number if he found it delayed the action; and equally ready was he to compose at the last moment an additional number if it seemed desirable.

Like echoes of a century ago sound to us the jokes that are collected in "Wagner in der Khrikatur," by Kreowski and Fuchs. Mother (to daughter at the piano): "That's wrong what you are playing, child?" Daughter: "Mamma, I am playing 'Tannhauser.'" Mother: "Ah, that's different!"—"What do you think of it?" asked a Leipziger after the first performance of "Gotterdammerung." "That isn't easy to say," retorted the other. "It is grand music which one must hear repeatedly, but I shall not hear it again." One of the caricatures shows Wagner confronting the leaning tower of Pisa and addressing it thus: "After my triumphant successes in Bayreuth, Leipzig, and countless other cities, I had expected you to bow lower."

Arthur M. Abell writes in the Musical Courier:

"It is impossible to overestimate what Joachim has done in establishing and maintaining classic traditions. There is something grand and inspiring about Joachim's career. His life was so absolutely ideal, so unselfish, so free from all mercenary motives, so wholly consecrated to his art. No other musician since Liszt was so absolutely above material considerations, so true to art. There is something ennobling and inspiring in such a career, and Joachim must needs leave deep footprints in the sands of time. He was a veritable high priest of his art—the last of his kind, and our sordid, materialistic times will probably never see his like again. As an artist Joachim stood above reproach, on an exalted plane, and his name will go down to posterity as one of the greatest personalities in the history of music."

Miss Bertha Kerr, pupil of Mr. James Quarrington, has been appointed contralto soloist at Bloor street Presbyterian church.

not only at the opera, but in the concert hall. Speaking of the programmes for the series of sixty-one promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, which began on August 17, the Standard says: "There is little doubt that London learns its Wagner at the promenade concerts, and lean would be the promoters' purses were they to overlook this fact. Monday nights have always shown the largest crowd, and as the programmes for that evening of the week are still devoted to the Bayreuth master, there is not likely to be any falling off in attendance. In fact, those whose musical enthusiasm takes them to Queen's Hall every night of the season will hear Wagner no fewer than 134 times." Beethoven comes next; he will be heard forty-nine times. And Brahms, where does he come in? "The fact that Brahms is heard only eight times," says the Standard, "is a matter for reflection." Then there is Puccini. He divided the honors with Wagner at the opera, falling only one short of his number. In the concert hall he is a nonentity. Could anything more emphatically corroborate the assertion repeatedly made in this journal that Puccini owes his vogue almost entirely to Caruso, Melba, and other great singers, whereas Wagner's music attracts the public, singers or no singers, and notwithstanding the fact that it loses much of its effect when separated from the action and scenery?

To return to the Standard's barometer of British taste two more items are of interest. Tchaikovsky will be heard thirty-five times at these concerts; but "perhaps the most striking omission of the whole series is that of Strauss's 'Domestic Symphony.' This is all the more strange from the fact that it was played twice last year, though it must be confessed that the hall was not quite so crowded at the end as at the beginning of this long and complex work. His stirring 'Heldensleben' symphonic poem is also omitted; in fact, this prophet of the modern orchestra is only heard seven times in all."

## W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

Our Great

### JANUARY SALE OF WHITEWEAR—1908

PLANNED months ahead with the object in view of making it the most effective of our long series of successful Whitewear sales. We have drawn liberally upon Switzerland for our embroideries, upon Austria, France and Ireland for our hand embroidered goods and upon England for the fine Nainsooks from which we make the bodies of the garments. We put manufacturers everywhere upon their mettle for delivery of fine goods at closest prices, and in our own workrooms our designers and operators have given their best endeavors to the production of beautiful garments at a minimum of cost. Among the important features which distinguish our "own make" Whitewear are proper cut, ample material and perfect making. There is no effort on our part to cheapen a garment by using a lesser number of yards, or by economy in the making. We believe that when you buy a gown at \$1.25, you are entitled to as full a garment as though you were paying twice more or even three times the price. We also believe the making should be as good; we therefore use the same amount of materials all through, and the making is as good on one garment as another. The difference in price occurs when we use finer materials and more elaborate trimmings.

### Offerings of Night Gowns

#### At \$1.25

Chemise style or "slip over" night gowns, full large bodies, round neck with insertion beading and ribbon trimmed and edging of lace; sleeves finished with lawn frill and edged with linen lace.

#### At \$1.50

Four very handsome styles at this price, "slip over," round neck and square neck, embroidery and lace trimmed; also with ribbons; value in each case \$2.25.

#### At \$2.00

Also four styles at \$2.00, value up to \$3.25. Among these is a round yoke, made of rows of val. insertions, beading and ribbon. Also round embroidery yoke with embroidery beading run with ribbon and edged with lace, three-quarter sleeve.

#### At \$2.25 and \$2.50

Half a dozen smart new styles in night gowns at these attractive prices, including square neck style yoke of embroidery and satin ribbon sleeves, finished with turn back cuffs, value \$3.50.

#### At \$3.00

Lovely night gowns with fronts formed of clusters of tucks; also low neck, yoke back and front of double edge handsome eyelight insertions, daintily finished with bows of wash ribbons, value for \$4.50.

#### At \$3.50

Handsome high neck night gowns of very fine Nainsook; square or V neck, yokes of fine Swiss embroidery and val. lace, sleeves to match. Also square neck, back and front of fine val., joined with embroidery beading; frilled sleeves, ribbon trimmed, value for \$5.00.

#### At \$6.00

Handsome French Nainsook night gowns, round yoke, back and front of fine val. Also handsome fronts of val. combined with medallions and fine tucking, new kimona sleeve, trimmed to match, value for \$9.00.

#### At \$8.50

Beautiful night gowns of finest French Nainsook, handsome fronts of val. insertions, sleeves to match, or with fine Maltese lace and embroidery medallions.

100 Sample Gowns, \$1.25 to \$6.00, worth \$2.00 to \$10.00.

100 Hand Embroidered Gowns, worth \$5.00 to \$50.00, to clear at \$3.00 to \$35.00.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited, 17 to 31 King St. East, 10 to 20 Colborne St. Toronto.

# DEWAR'S

## BLUE LABEL

## WHISKY

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. (Established 1857) Montreal, Agents



## Where the Apple is King

The Land of Evangeline is now a Vast Fruit Garden.

DIDN'T you get just a wee bit tired of "Evangeline" in your school days? You remember that you had to commit the plaguery thing to memory and scan it until the singsong of the verse got on your nerves? Can't you hear yourself now, upraised on two rather shaky legs, chanting unmusically:

This is the forest primeval.  
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks  
Bearded with moss and in garments green,  
Indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old—

But why go on? The whole horrid scene comes back to you. How you did hate that forest primeval! So it will be good news to you who once were children (says a correspondent to the New York Sun) to learn that the forest primeval isn't there any more on "the shores of the Basin of Minas." But another forest has arisen, a forest of fruit trees—mostly apple trees.

There are those who will tell you that an apple is an apple no matter whence it comes. That isn't so. A Nova Scotia apple is something quite different. At least that is what they tell you in the land of the blue-nose.

It must have been a Nova Scotia apple, they tell you, committing an anachronism cheerfully, which Eros threw at the marriage feast of Peleus and Thetis, thereby causing such disgraceful scramble by Juno, Minerva and Venus. But they say that it was no fault of the apple that the decision of that impressionable umpire Paris, awarding the game to Venus, caused the Trojan war and page after page of Greek that had to be read in our late school days.

The history of the apple is still to be written. The reference books tell us that the tree is indigenous to Anatolia, the southern Caucasus and northern Russia. It certainly got a start in Nova Scotia just as soon as that primeval forest began to disappear. It has spread mightily throughout the province, but is found more abundantly in the Annapolis Valley.

The Annapolis Valley has been called the "Garden Spot of the Earth." When you have driven miles upon miles through forests of apple and pear and other trees, in the spring time when a sea of red and pink and white blossoms meets the eye and a riot of perfume assaults the nostrils, or in the autumn, when the trees are weighted down with their burden of fruit, you will think it well named.

Roughly speaking the Valley—they just call it the Valley in Eastern Canada and let it go at that—is 100 miles long and thirty miles wide. The soil is fertile and well watered.

Rivers and tidal estuaries divide it longitudinally into a series of ridges. The river bottoms and the flats reclaimed from the sea are given over to hay fields and pasture land.

The ridges are devoted largely to fruit growing. If you stand somewhere in the bottom lands you will see rising gently from the meadows on either side orchard after orchard. If it is blossom time the picture will be brilliant. Here and there you will see houses and farm buildings rising amid the trees. There are occasional patches of tilled land, but it is mostly all trees.

The yield of the Annapolis Valley this year is the greatest in its history. The crop has all been gathered and marketed. It is estimated that more than 700,000 barrels of apples were shipped, not to mention the pears and plums and quinces.

Most of the apples have gone to England, as usual, but this year more shipments have been made to the American market than ever before. The prices have ranged from \$2.50 to \$3 a barrel and the Nova Scotia orchardists have received about \$2,000,000 for their harvest.

Last year the crop was about half as big. This year's harvest is seventeen times greater than that of fifteen years ago. For a farmer to clear from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year on his apples is not unusual.

Twenty years ago the farmer who shipped 1,000 barrels a year was a rarity; now there are many 5,000 barrel men. The greatest orchard in the valley is Hillcrest, near Kentville. It contains more than 25,000 trees.

The apples of Nova Scotia have a flavor all their own. Though the fruit grows large, it does not become gross, as is the case with a good deal of the fruit that comes from the West.

There are any number of varieties. In the late summer come the harvest apples, the Bow Sweets, the Red As-

trachans and others. Later on come the Gravensteins—the king of all the fall apples—the Strawberry apples and the Bishop Pippins.

The list of winter apples would be interminable. The two varieties which command the highest prices are the Blenheim Pippins and the Ripston Pippins. They're both pippins in the colloquial sense of that word.

Kings they are in the apple family—far, far above the ruck of Baldwins and King of Tompkins and Spitzenbergs and Greenings and even Russet Sweets. The Northern Spy, considered very highly in some parts, is an also ran in Nova Scotia.

The views shown herewith are of young trees, not much more than ten years old. The apple tree is long lived and grows to great size. You will notice in one view that considerable space is left between the trees. In the fulness of time these trees will shoot up and reach out until the sunlight can scarcely pierce the gloom.

The soil of the orchards is cultivated carefully. Some years it is planted in grain or potatoes; in others sown in grass. Occasionally a crop of grain is raised and allowed to rot.

The young tree which had its picture taken in a sort of family group did a fine job this year. In fact it rather overdid it and had to be propped up. The fruit of this tree will fill three barrels at the least. An old apple tree will produce ten barrels or more of excellent fruit.

The apples are packed in the orchards and usually carted away at once to steamer or train for shipment. In packing apples one opens the bottom of the barrel. The very finest specimens of the fruit are arranged in nice layers at what will be the top of the barrel when it is opened by the consumer. That's why the apples always look so nice when you open a fresh barrel.

But the Nova Scotia fruit grower is an honest individual. He grades the apples carefully and marks the barrels "No. 1," "No. 2," and "No. 3." Even the threes are good. All below that grade go to the cider mill.

The valley is a city of big gardens. The main roads, running generally east and west, one on each side of each ridge, are called streets. The houses are large and prosperous looking; many of them have pretentious flower gardens. Fences have been generally abolished. Almost every house has its telephone. Every farmer keeps a good stable and smart rigs for pleasure driving.

Altogether it is an unusual farming community. The rounds of social life go on as in a city. The sons go to college and return to the farm content to make that their calling in life.

Here and there the houses get close enough together to form a settlement which gets a name of its own. But there are no large towns. Annapolis, Bridgetown, Kentville and Wolfville are all under 2,000 population. It is just one big city, prosperous and contented.

## An Unbelieved Story

Quaint Reminiscence Related by Frederick Mistral in His Entertaining Book of Memoirs.

AMERICA is fairly familiar with the works of Frederick Mistral, a Provençal poet who may in some sort be looked upon as the laureate of his native land, through the translation of his epic "Mireille" made by Katherine Prescott. Latterly his name has been brought prominently forward by his acceptance last year of the Nobel prize for patriotic literature, and also by his refusal of a chair among the Immortals of the French Academy.

The present volume of "Mémoires," (Baker, Taylor Co.) brings the story of his life down to the period of the publication of "Mireille" (1859), at the age of twenty-eight. The most charming parts refer to his childhood, to the local legends and superstitions, the manners and customs of his peasant neighbors, and to his own emotions and experiences, all of which entered into his poetical growth.

One cannot criticize a book of this sort. One can only quote from it to give some idea of its naive charm. Here is a condensed form, faithful as far as condensation may be faithful to the original text, is the story of how he ran away from home at the tender age of eight.

He played truant from school and had been informed upon by the village schoolmaster. When he returned home he found himself face to face with his father and a potential licking. Before the time arrived for the latter operation young Frederick fled from home. As well as he remembers, he took the road that led up to the Cran d'Eyragues. But at that time, poor little wretch, he hardly knew where he was going, and after walking for an hour or so it seemed

to him that he had gone far enough to have arrived in America. The sun was going down; he was tired and hungry. Timidly approaching the doorstep of a farmhouse he beheld within it an old woman pouring soup from her pot over some slices of bread.

"I see, granny, you are making some soup," he said, pleasantly.

She looked up, and, when to her questions he replied he had run away from home, she said:

"Ah, yes, and you must know that in this country the lazy ones get nothing to eat—so if you want any soup my boy, you must work for it."

Here the poet must resume the narrative in the first person:

"Oh, I will—what shall I do? I inquired eagerly.

"This is what we will do, you and I, both of us. We will stand at the foot of the stairs and have a jumping match. The one who jumps furthest shall have a good bowl of soup—the other shall eat with his eyes only—understand, eh?"

"I agreed readily, not only proud that I should earn my supper and amuse myself into the bargain, but also feeling no doubts as to the result of the match; it was a pity indeed if I could not jump further than a rickety old body.

"So, feet together, we placed ourselves at the foot of the staircase, which in all farm houses stands opposite the front door, close to the threshold.

"Now," cried the old woman, 'one' and she swung her arms as though to get a good start.

"Two—three," I added, and then sprang with all my might, triumphantly clearing the threshold. But that cunning old body had only pretended to spring; quick as lightning she shut the door, and drawing the bolt, cried out to me:

"Little rascal, go back to your parents; they will be getting anxious! Come, off with you!"

He stood stupefied outside the door. No, he could not go home. He could picture his father ready to receive him, rod in hand. Regardless of all risks, he started off on a path that led up between two high banks to a broken down cottage in a neglected vineyard. Climbing to one of the beams holding up half of the dilapidated roof he fell fast asleep.

He was awakened by three robbers who had come hither to cook their supper. They took pity on him and fed him, but when they left they deemed it prudent to place the involuntary spy in a great battered cask standing in a corner of the hovel, from which it was impossible he could emerge. Imagine his consternation when, in the middle of the dark night he heard something prowling and snorting around his cask. Again let the poet here resume the narrative:

"At last the day began to dawn, and the pattering that caused me such fear seemed to me to be growing a little more distant. Very cautiously I peeped out by means of the bung-hole, and there, not far off, I beheld—a wolf, my good friends—nothing short of a wolf the size of a donkey! An enormous wolf with eyes that glared like two lamps.

"Attracted by the odor of the cooked lamb he had come there, and finding nothing but bones, the proximity of a Christian child's tender flesh filled him with hungry longing. But the curious thing was that, far from feeling fear at the sight of this beast, I experienced a great relief. The fact was I had so dreaded some nocturnal apparition that the sight of even such a wolf gave me courage.

"All very fine," I thought, 'but I've not done with him yet. If that beast finds out that the cask is open at the top he will jump in also and crunch me up with one bite of those teeth. I must think of a plan to outwit him.'"

Some movement he made caught the sharp ear of the wolf, and with one bound he was back at the cask, prowling round and lashing the sides with his long tail.

"Promptly I passed my small hand through the bung-hole, seized hold of that tail, and pulling it inside, grasped it tightly with both hands. The wolf, as though he had five hundred devils after him, started off, dragging the cask over rocks and stones, through fields and vineyards. We must have rolled together over all the ups and downs of Eyragues, of Lagoy and of Bourhourel.

"Oh, mercy! pity! dear Virgin, dear St. Joseph! I cried out. 'Where is this wolf taking me? And if the cask breaks he will gobble me up in a moment.'"

"Then all of a sudden crash went the cask, the tail escaped my hands, and far off, quite in the distance, I saw my wolf escaping at a gallop. On looking round what was my astonishment to find myself close to the new bridge on the road that leads to Maillane from Saint Remy, not more than a quarter of an hour from our

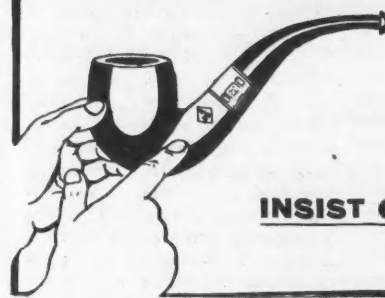
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farm. The barrel must have knocked up against the parapet of the bridge and come to pieces in that way.

"It is hardly necessary to say that after such adventures the thought of the rod in my father's hand no longer possessed any terrors for me, and, running as though the wolf were after me, I soon found myself at

home." At the back of the farmhouse he saw in the field his father ploughing a long furrow. He leant against the handle and called laughing to the lad: "Ha! ha! my fine fellow. Run in quick to your mother—she has not slept a wink all night."

There was no further thought of punishment. But when he started to tell all his thrilling adventures and came to the story of the robbers and the calf and the enormous wolf! "Ah, little simpleton!" they cried. "Why, it was fright that made you dream all that."

Nor could he ever get them or any one else to believe his tale.